A FAMILY
CHRONICLE OF

S. Bradford Rymer

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S. BRADFORD RYMER

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CLARA LaDOSKY GEE
Wife of S. Bradford Rymer

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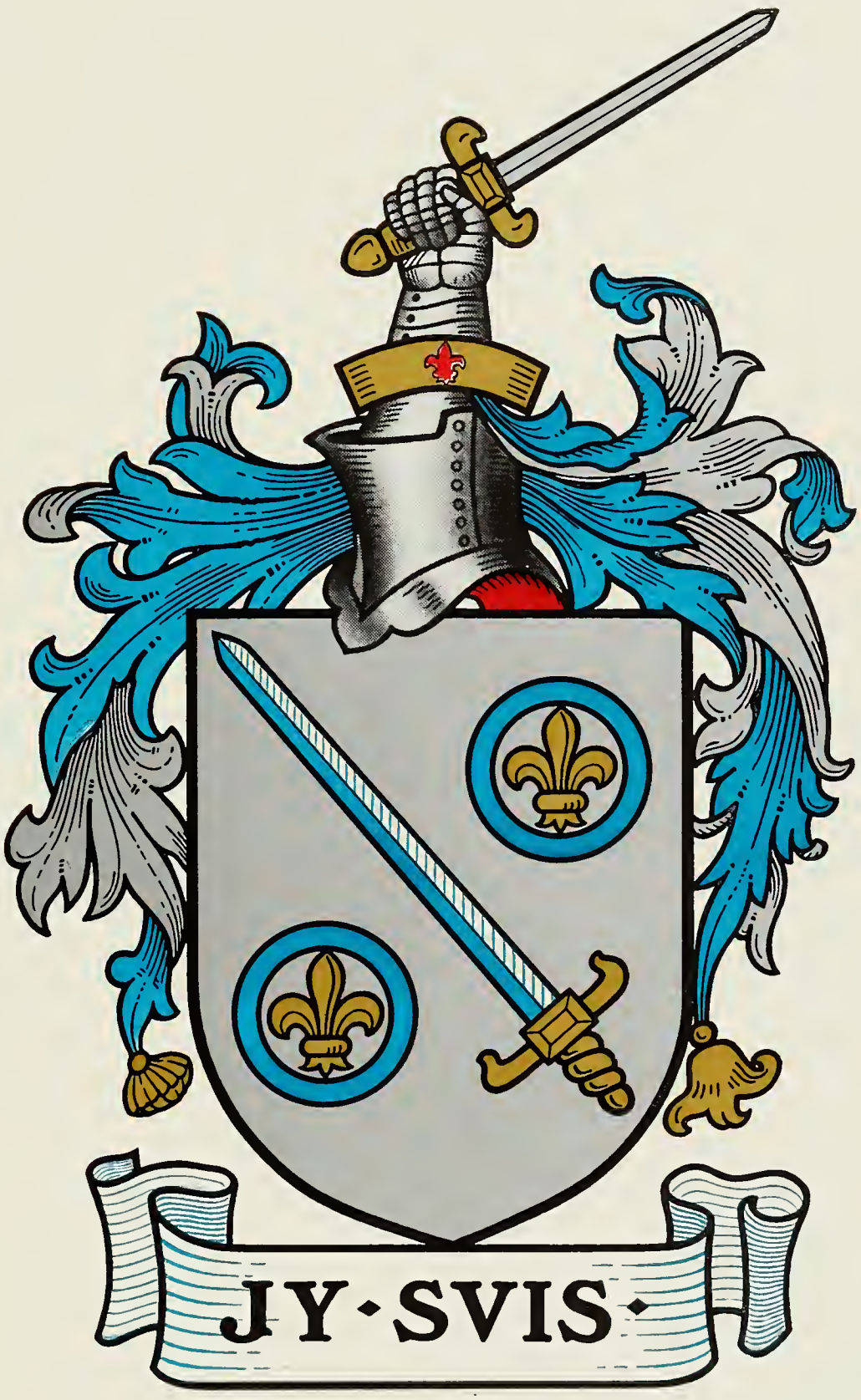
FOREWORD

This book has been written in compliance with Dad's earnest request that some of his youthful memories and family history be preserved. Mother has given the work her wholehearted endorsement.

The Rymer motto is "Courage is greater than the sword." Dad found life a challenge, a test of the spirit with which he was to realize his highest aims. The Gee motto, "I am there," is a fitting tribute to Mother whose loyalty Dad counted as his greatest blessing.

These stories and records gathered in the company of my parents, their relatives, and friends, disclosed the wealth of mountain history of which our family is a part. With new appreciation for the heritage they have given me, I dedicate this chronicle to Mother and Dad.

Rheiner
(Reiner)
(Riner)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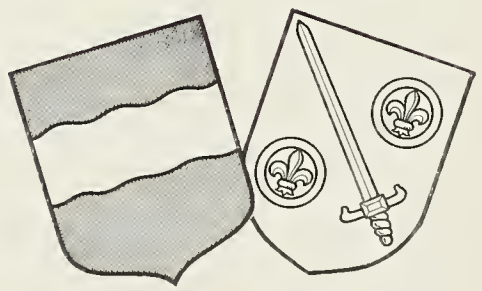
A Family Chronicle of

S. Bradford Rymer

Compiled by ZOLA RYMER GRAF



Ense Animus Major
—Rymer Motto

Jy Suis
—Gee Motto

[Dunkirk, N.Y., 1960]

My Grateful Appreciation to
My Family, My Friends and Associates

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Other Books by ZOLA RYMER GRAF:

- TENNESSEE STOPPERS and ISLAND HOPPERS
- AMATEUR TRAVELOGUE No. 2 or EUROPEAN DEEP FREEZE
- THREE THROUGH BRITAIN
- THE BEAR'S TALE

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Birthplace of S. Bradford Rymer
Greasey Creek, Tennessee
October 22, 1879

Dad's Early Years

My father was the son of a family considered well-to-do up in the Tennessee mountains, where he was born October 22, 1879, at Greasey Creek*. There are a few folks still living who remember him as a boy, and, when he occasionally goes to see them, they love to call him Brad.

Out of a family of six, Bradford and Boyd were the only ones who reached adulthood. Boyd was six years the elder. There had been two sisters, Sarah and Mary; two other brothers, Alison and Donaldson. Dad speaks with regret now of having no living kin, for they were closely knit, and the bond of affection grew deeper and stronger as the family circle grew smaller. This devotion Dad linked with a sense of duty as long as his mother and brother lived, for he could not help remembering that the Rymer forbears had been short-lived.

In the summer of 1955 Dad's memories of childhood were very vivid. A picture of himself at the age of three stirred the long thoughts into words. "All homespun clothes in those days," he commented proudly. "Why, do you realize that eighty or ninety years ago, women in the mountains not only made every stitch of clothes their families wore, they made the cloth from scratch, raised the sheep for wool, as well as for meat, and sheared them in the spring!"

Here Mother chimed in, "Many be the times I picked burrs and brushed dirt out of the wool; scoured, rinsed, and dried it. It was harsh and wiry, and sometimes I'd have to rub in a little lard to make it pliable. Later the folks who could afford it had it done at a gin mill."

Mother fingered the sleeve of her blue linen dress. "Their colors, or dyes, came the hard way, too. They had to gather oak bark and boil it down for various shades of brown. Sometimes they used elderberries for shades of red."

Dad broke in boasting to me, "Your Grandmother Rymer could weave three yards of cloth a day!" "Why," and his eyes brightened, "I had two everyday suits and one Sunday suit of clothes for each season. I wore hand-knitted socks until I was a grown man."

*Greasey Creek or Greasy Creek.

Grandmother Rymer (Malinda Mitchell Rymer), reputed to be somewhat of a matriarch, was not only an industrious woman, she was what was then called a saving woman. She stretched this virtue beyond necessity, even to the practice of tying every little piece of string together, rolling it on either a dried corn cob, or a spindle of wood, and treasuring the accumulated ball as a valuable item in her supply cupboard. Neat as a pin she was, too. When her beds were made up in the morning, no one dared lay a hand on them, much less sit on them. Feather beds they were and hers — even to the bolster — never had a crease, a wrinkle, a sag.

For many years Grandmother ran the RYMER POST OFFICE located in the enclosure which occupied half the long front porch of her home. Doubtless she read many of the post cards that came in the mail, and possibly shared the most interesting messages with friends and neighbors. Of course news always was discussed confidentially, for those were the days of violent family feuds and nu-

THE ELI RYMER FAMILY
Malinda Eveline Mitchell, Bradford at 14, Boyd at 20, Eli

merous corn stills in the Tennessee mountains. To have a distillery did not seem wrong; it was only considered a way of getting a little more money for corn. Feuds had long been a tradition among the less stable people, something accepted without question and carried on in order to uphold the morale of a family.

Grandmother Rymer, postmistress and homemaker, was amazingly efficient. She found time and energy to earn extra pin money from selling surplus wool, eggs, butter, chickens, and honey. She always had a basket of knitting and mending handy while she rocked on her porch in the summer or sat beside the fireplace on a winter evening. Always the click of needles accompanied any story she would relate. Her sympathy and kindness extended to her friends and even to casual acquaintances when misfortune or sickness came to them. Dad said his mother and father always stood for that kind of charity. They were courageous and self-sacrificing, and their lives were genuine testaments of Christianity. Dad remembered vividly one particular case in which Grandmother Rymer certainly became the Good Samaritan.

"There was an old lady," said Dad, "who lived with her two sons in a cabin across the ridge from our place. One day our neighbor found her seriously sick while the sons were working away from home. All he had to do was to tell my mother about Molly Runyon's condition and she was on her way. She promptly placed Molly in a wagon, improvised as an ambulance and brought her right home over the rutted mountain road. Mother nursed her back to health and pleasantly prolonged her convalescence."

When she was able to come to the table for her meals, Molly began to relish everything she was served, especially ham and red-eye gravy. Dad recalls that at one meal, when she had swallowed her last bite — it had tasted so good — Molly looked up pleadingly and said, "Mrs. Rymer, give me a little more. That hasn't hurt me, has it?"

Finally one spring day Grandmother stood on her porch, heart and eyes brimming with joy, and reluctantly, yet with an inner glow of satisfaction, waved farewell to her endeared neighbor. She watched her walk under her own power across the ridge, out of sight, back to her own little cabin.

An event that must have made a similarly deep impression on Dad, (for, at seventy-plus, he could remember the thrill that he felt as a seven-year-old observer) took place during Grover Cleveland's first term of office. Grandfather Rymer who, like other farmers in those days had to be a miller, a millwright, a carpenter, and a blacksmith as well, ground corn one day and took sixteen bushels of the meal to Ducktown to sell. It was late afternoon when he returned, hurried to the house, found his wife busily knitting and little Brad waiting to be snatched up for a hug. Without a moment's hesitation or warning, Grandfather loosened the cord of his money-bag, and down dropped into Grandmother's lap a shower of silver dollars. "Each single piece looked like the hind wheel of a wagon", said Dad. "I had never seen so much money in my life!"

"Mother, seeing my wide-eyed wonder as I looked at her sagging apron, called me to her side and said, 'Brad, you can come and count the dollars.' That's why I can swear today: the Rymers were once worth sixteen silver dollars!"

Grandfather Rymer must have been a thoughtful and considerate man. He often helped his wife around the house. He gathered

LeRoy Rymer
S. B. Rymer's paternal grandfather

Sarah Henson Mitchell
S. B. Rymer's maternal grandmother

Robert D. Mitchell
S. B. Rymer's maternal grandfather

vegetables, built the fires, studied his Bible so that he knew it well and could pronounce correctly the proper names. "Because of this rare ability," Dad declared, "my father occasionally became a lay preacher in our small Methodist Church. But he was so humble he always stood beneath or beside the pulpit. He never mounted the pulpit steps."

"At times the small community could not support a regular preacher, called a 'circuit rider', and then Father was a devout leader and a sustaining force. Eventually, and with great effort on the part of the men of the area, the little church building was actually moved up the 'holler' and used also as a schoolhouse."

Dad treasured every fond memory of his father. "He certainly practiced what he preached. He believed in Jesus' teachings, and his life was a proof of his faith. He shared his worldly possessions, helped the needy, counseled the wayward, sympathized with those in trouble, and lived in the fulness of charity toward his neighbor. He was a wise man, and a good provider for his own family. We had enough to eat, a comfortable home, sufficient clothes, but no luxury."

As a small boy Dad had to keep the woodbox filled to the brim with dry kindling and stove wood, and to pile up logs for the fireplace. His brother Boyd, always rather frail and sickly, was spared these tasks from the time he had suffered a severe attack of rheumatic fever at adolescence.

Dad attended school from his sixth to his sixteenth year. Many a warm day he may have lingered at the mill pond to catch frogs but, tardy or not, he eventually arrived at school and took his scolding. To him school still means the influence of the teacher he has remembered all his life, Sam Massingale. He was the only teacher in the small community of Greasey Creek and he lived at Rymer's. Out of his monthly salary of twenty dollars, he paid one dollar and fifty cents a week for board and room.

The one-room red schoolhouse up the gap from Rymer's was heated by a stove for which the boys supplied the wood, cut the timber, sawed it up, and toted it in, to keep the fire burning. School opened only after the crops were harvested, sometimes for a three-week session, other times continuing all through the winter months.

Sam Massingale worked early and late with the boys he loved, Brad and Boyd, Sam and Jim, and all the rest. Each student could select the subjects he preferred to emphasize. Dad chose mathematics and spelling. He still cherishes memories of WEBSTER'S BLUE-BACKED SPELLER. This book was published in 1783 for the first time and achieved phenomenal success; 5000 copies had been in the first printing. By 1843 there were almost 40,000,000 copies in circulation.*

Books were scarce in those days; in fact, the teacher owned the only grammar textbook and was the sole source of its information. When it came to diagramming, his word was accepted unconditionally. "I must qualify that statement," said Dad with a pleasant grin, "for grammar was Boyd's favorite subject. There came a day when the teacher was diagramming a sentence and Boyd took exception to the way it was done. You see, Boyd had purchased by mail a grammar book of his own; so, before the startled class he produced his evidence which the teacher accepted with good grace, even complimenting him on his alertness. Yes," concluded Dad, "Mr. Massingale was a good teacher."

As we continued to talk Dad seemed to enjoy recalling little happenings in the past. He showed me a little old tintype of their first horse hitched to a gig in front of the old barn, the reins in Uncle Boyd's hands, and Douglas and Barn Campbell crowding him on the seat, and their brother Gordon under the gig. Many amusing incidents involving the horse and gig are still family lore. "That outfit meant as much to us then as a flashy sports car means to young blades today!" said Dad.

Uncle Boyd, shortly before he was twenty, decided to start a business of his own, a general store, in the little settlement of Greasey Creek. To save time and energy he built the store right across the road from their house. Of course the family was deeply interested in the enterprise, and helped in every possible way. Although Dad was thirteen or fourteen years old at the time, he was capable of doing a man's work, and was a great help in erecting the building.

*WISDOM, 26th issue.

He was especially good at handling a team, and was depended upon to haul the lumber from the sawmill. One of these trips was exciting and even hazardous enough to leave a vivid impression on Dad's memory. "It was late afternoon," he began, "and I was bringing a load of cut, dressed, and dried lumber over the ridge from the mill. I was alone, and it's a wonder the team and me didn't get killed." He shook his head as he re-lived the danger. "It was a heavy load, fastened down, tightly chained. Down the slope we started; then I could see the bumps in the rutted road were loosening the chains, and that the load was shifting and sliding toward the front of the wagon, toward the mules, for the lumber was as slick as a peeled onion." Dad pictured the quick stop, accomplished just in time. He told how he rough-locked one hind wheel, unhitched the two mules from the front of the wagon and tied them to the rear, then tightened the chains around the shifted lumber and adjusted the load. There is no doubt that his ingenuity and alert action not only saved him from suffering a bad accident, but saved the dandy pair of bay mules. He arrived home safely with his load, and to this day he feels a glow of satisfaction over his lucky, narrow escape.

When the clapboard structure of the store was completed, other problems had to be solved. One was the matter of finance. Uncle Boyd borrowed fifty dollars from his mother, just to start the business 'arolling', and with this 'fortune' in his pocket he hitched the team to the wagon and lit out for Cleveland. There he carefully invested forty dollars in merchandise, holding back ten dollars to pay for the license he bought at Benton, the Polk County seat (which was then a very small community — merely a wide place in the road around which farms were clustered). When he finally arrived at his store, he had the legal right to do business.

Uncle Boyd was lucky to have competent help in his own family. Dad and Grandfather were constantly on hand, ready to undertake any job. Of course, he paid them a fair wage. There were no regular shopping hours in those days; the store was always open and service available. In slack intervals there was plenty of work to be done: heavy barrels, boxes, hundredweight bags must be moved, and a good strong back and hefty shoulders were needed for the job; goods had to be put on shelves, counters, or pegs.

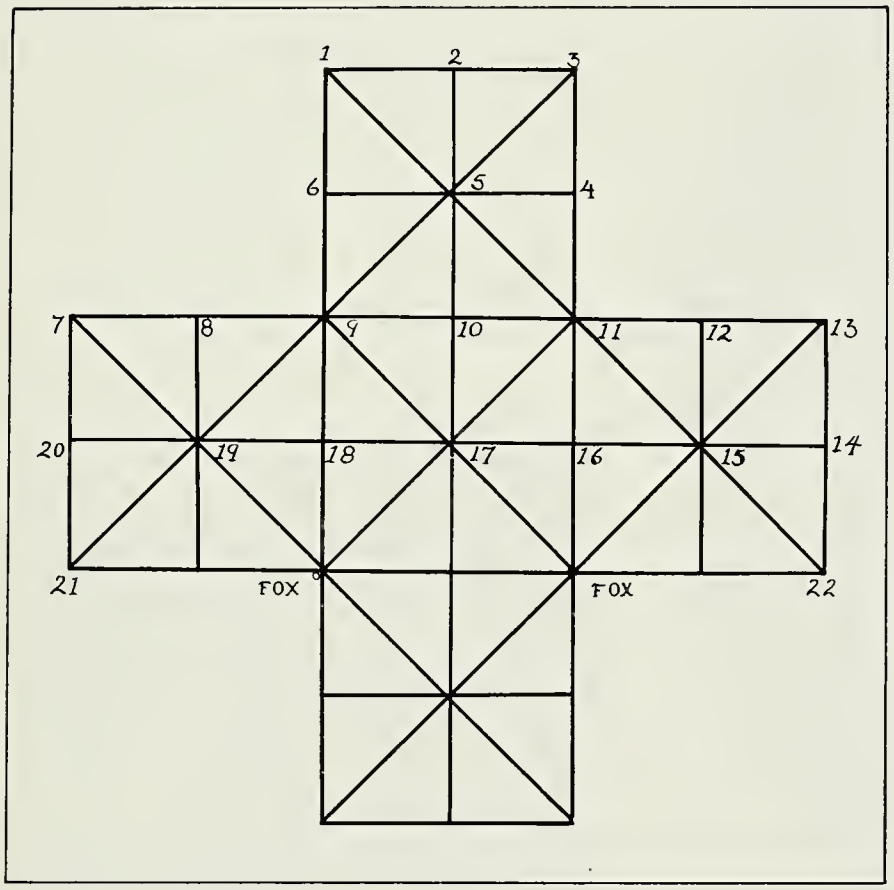
Their stock consisted of a little of everything: hats, overalls, yard goods, shoes, and old reliable staples such as flour, salt, sugar, Brown Mule Plug tobacco (chewing) and Duke's mixture tobacco (smoking) and whatever else the farmers did not raise themselves. What they did raise in surplus Uncle Boyd took in trade. That might be chickens, eggs, potatoes, grain or honey. When he had accumulated a wagonload of produce gained by this barter system, he drove into Cleveland and sold it, using the cash he received to replenish the merchandise. Dad was his sole companion on these three-day trips. If all the produce was not sold the first day, they slept that night, shivering with the cold, in the hayloft of the livery stable, and on the other two chilly nights the boys camped along the road.

There were three stores within a radius of five miles: Uncle Boyd's at Greasey Creek; Park's store, midway on the road to Reliance; and Noah Higdon's at Reliance. My parents still speak of the Higdons with affection and respect. All the stores seemed to thrive. Certainly Uncle Boyd's did.

Uncle Boyd came to know his customers, serving them by anticipating their needs, accommodating them in numberless ways, and always creating a friendly atmosphere as he gave them prompt attention. In winter often you would find a group gathered around a potbellied stove, discussing current political issues, or hashing over neighborhood news. In summer they would hang around the front of the store or sit under the trees at the side, "chewing the fat", so to speak. Dad remembers well the electioneering done there by Sheriff Campbell from Benton when Grover Cleveland was running for the Presidency the second time.*

Summer or winter, any time of day, you were sure to see a little game going on in the store. The favorite one was called "Fox and Geese", and, if you were not playing, you were standing close, watching every move of the players. Dad must have loved to play this game. Not being content just to describe it, he grabbed a pencil and illustrated it like this. Then he explained: only two persons at a time could play the game. They used two black kernels of corn for and fox, and twenty-two yellow ones for the geese. The board was similar to a checkerboard, and the manner of playing resembled the

*Democrat Grover Cleveland's second term, 1893-97



moves in checkers. The men supported the board on their knees, and judging from Dad's face as he reminisced, they would be too engrossed in the fox and geese and their plight to feel their cramped position, as the fox darted forth in that first vital move. I can well imagine Dad didn't have to be asked twice, if he had a spare moment, to grab a seat on a nearby box or cane-bottom chair and start a game. From the glint in his eye I concluded he won oftener than lost, and was itching right then to prove his skill.

The store prospered. With each transaction in Cleveland, gains spiraled. Uncle Boyd had proven himself to be a keen businessman, and it was especially sad that his health broke. "You see," explained Dad, "Boyd was crippled by arthritis early in his life. He had to be careful not to get chilled suddenly. But on one terribly hot summer day, when he was returning from Cleveland, where he had purchased

BRADFORD
at 3

S. B. Rymer revisits old home with
Dr. C. E. Lundy, Fall 1954

First Gig. Bradford, Boyd Rymer,
Barn, Douglas, Gordon (under
gig) Campbell

additional merchandise for his store, forgetting the danger momentarily, he succumbed to the temptation to follow his companions into the cool river for a swim. The shock of the sudden change in body temperature induced a recurrence of arthritis from which he never fully recovered. (As the years advanced he became more and more disabled, using first a cane and then crutches and finally a wheel chair.) It was then he set about selling piece by piece the stock of his store. In the period of six years he had been in business (1892 to 1898), he came out with $1000 in the clear. "A good profit, indeed," declared Dad, with approval and admiration.

When Dad was not helping at the store, he helped his father on the farm. However, he recalls one summer when he spent a month with a travelling farm-to-farm threshing machine crew. He was paid a dollar a day, and, because it rained for two of the days, he was paid a total of twenty-eight dollars. His dinner each day was furnished by the farmer's wife who would serve a substantial meal to the tired, dusty, ravenously hungry men. Dad remembered one woman, however, whose table fare was so scarce and the helpings so skimpy that sixty years have not completely dulled his resentment.

For about three years after closing out the store, Dad and his brother were partners in the lumber business, and this too, was a successful venture. They bought tracts of timber on the stump, had it cut, then hired the sawmill to come in and saw it up. For this business, they invested in two wagons and two teams of mules. Willis Preswood drove one team. Dad worked the other. It was a long day's work hauling two loads of lumber to Reliance. For cut yellow pine loaded on the railroad cars, they received eight dollars per thousand feet, which was the limit of a wagonload. Two round trips, twenty miles of travel, with all the hard work entailed, grossed sixteen dollars, which seemed a great sum, even though expenses had to come out of that.

In Dad's twenty-three years of growing up in the mountains of East Tennessee he engaged in many different types of work: farming, hauling lumber, building, helping his brother Boyd in the store. These experiences have undoubtedly influenced his thinking, broadened his vision, and helped to mold the gentle, kind, yet enterprising person he is today.

Harriet Emeline Childress Gee, Mrs. S. B. Rymer's mother

Dr. James M. Gee, Mrs. S. B. Rymer's father

Hillside Revisited

It was Wednesday, June twenty-seventh, 1956, that Mother and I took the long-promised drive to the mountain region in Polk County where she was born. The house and the garden she had known then were things of the past; but the hillside, covered with bramble, prickly thorns, was there to remind her of her childhood. "Yes, this is the spot," Mother began, "where I was born, about a hundred miles from the great Smokies. My home was a log house with three rooms. In front ran a clear branch, or creek, as you might call it, and in the corner of the yard was a large beech tree. From under this tree was a foot-log extending over the creek to join the rough, narrow road that ran through there from the Hiwassee River to the Ocoee River. Our home was about half-way between the two rivers — oh, about a five-mile walk to either stream. My father, a young doctor, had come into the mountains in the early settling of that part. We owned only eighty acres of land, mostly upland; a few little creek bottoms."

We sat under the beech tree. The birds were twittering overhead. The creek below seemed smaller to Mother. "Nothing seems familiar except the big flat rock I used to sit on," she said. Childlike, she stood and measured the length of her own shadow on the grassy field. "It's noon!" she exclaimed. "I wonder whether children today ever tell time by measuring their shadows. We used to love to guess just right." Then Mother settled herself again to reminisce.

"We didn't get to school much. There were usually only two or three months a year when school was open. I attended the Sage Hill School which was a half-mile from our home. We had a living to make, and even when school was in session, I couldn't go all the time. Our church was two-and-a-half miles away, and we walked there to hear the preacher once a month." Mother smiled, adding, "That's where we mostly met the boys, and our courtship times were those long walks to and from church. Come winter and cold weather, there were no church services. Then we would gather, first at one home and then another, to pop corn or have candy-pullings, or chestnut roastings, or sweet potatoes baked in the embers of our log fires."

It was a warm June day, but Mother's memory of wintry weather in the mountains was sharp and vivid. "Going back to my

early childhood," Mother continued, "I remember on cold nights, when the snow might be a foot or more deep, the only warm place in our home was close around the hearth. We would throw on a pine knot — for light as well as for heat. Then we'd take a black iron pot, rake out some hot coals, set the water-filled pot on them and make some corn meal mush. We put the hot mush in sweet milk that was half-frozen — and was it good! Wish I had some now!" And the years seemed to drop away from Mother and she was a child again — smacking her lips — remembering the taste.

"We always looked forward to spring in these mountains. The little creek that ran in front of our house was beautiful in April and May, with laurel, rhododendrons, ivy ferns, and lovely field flowers. In the clear water of the creek were fish that we caught and ate. I never had a bought toy. I'd build my playhouse of little pines that I cut down and covered with the bushy branches of trees. I'd make dresses and hats of big cucumber leaves decorated with wild flowers. All the time I'd be day-dreaming of city-girls — pretty girls with fancy clothes to wear. I guess I was a happy child; but childhood suddenly ended with my father's death. I was seven then."

Mother paused thoughtfully and was silent for quite a while. At last she continued, "I was the youngest of eight: three boys and five girls. Though he died when I was seven, I've retained memories of a kind and affectionate father. He was a physician, as I've said, the youngest of the Gee family and the only one to settle in the mountains. He was aware of the need for medical aid among the good-hearted, hard-working people who eked out a meager living tilling the soil. He was the old-fashioned kind of a doctor, who, back in 1880 and 1890, went to a patient who needed him in all kinds of weather, at all hours of the day and night. He rode horseback and carried his professional equipment in saddlebags. Not only would he tend the sick, remain at the bedside for hours, provide the medicine, but very often he prepared it himself in a black cast-iron mortar and pestle."

It is no wonder he was highly respected and often spoken of as "indispensable Dr. Gee." It's also no surprise that he did not accumulate much of a bank account. He often received corn meal, syrup, grain, or a pig in payment. Many soon forgot his care and never paid at all. To help cover the cost of his family's needs he supplemented his income operating a gristmill.

As Mother recounted stories of her father I listened enthralled. They told of Henry's near brush with death, the crank who was looking for trouble, unexpected Indian visitors, and finally her father's own last role at forty-nine.

There was a poignant note in Mother's voice, as she re-lived the frightened moments in which she witnessed her father use his medical skill to save the life of his own son. Mother went on, "Leanah, brother Burley's wife, to our delight had invited Henry and me to go berry-picking with her. We were eagerly scanning the bushes for the luscious fruit to be used for jelly and winter pies. Suddenly the hem of Leanah's long, full skirt disturbed a large snake. Coiled and ready to strike, it attacked Henry, who cried out, 'A rattlesnake bit me! I heard it sing.' When Leanah saw the imprint of four vicious teeth on Henry's ankle, she begged him to run home as fast as he could. He needed no urging for he was in severe pain and, as he ran, he must have felt the quick-acting poison sapping his strength. Father was working at the gristmill. He recognized Henry's distressed cries and rushed to him and quickly carried him to the porch. He ordered hot onion poultices applied to the wound. I even recall helping to beat the onions. Father had on hand an internal remedy which he also administered, and although Henry had collapsed, he soon regained consciousness. We were all jubilant over Henry's recovery and there was thanksgiving in all our hearts."

"There was a crank," Mother went on, "who seemed obsessed with trying to 'whop' every man living in the mountains and. since he was physically strong, he often succeeded. Word reached my father that 'Clayton was goin' to whop Dr. Gee'. Well, sure enough, one day they met face to face as they rode their horses out in the open road. Father in his cool, easy-going way, got off his horse. 'I hear you're going to whip me, Clayton. Well, get off your horse! I'm ready.' No doubt he looked more than ready to Clayton, for he just stiffened up, pulled the reins, and with a surprised, yet half-scared look, quickly turned his mount around and galloped him up the hill.

"Father's family had been close friends of the Indians (Cherokees), and, when he and Mother were married, there still were some of them living in the mountains. They often came to our mill with their corn. One time, because it was dark and cold, Father sent their wives to the house to stay while he ground the corn. When Mother heard them coming, she was terrified, and hurriedly barred the door.

The Indian women went back to the mill and said, 'Nobody at home'. Father was so mad he took the Indians up to the house himself, and believe it or not, they spent the night."

What a vivid picture Mother still recalls of the late afternoon of October the twenty-second in 1891 — as if it were yesterday. It was a fateful day in her life.

"It was a wild fall day. The wind was whistling and howling through the trees. Some of our folks had been ready to make molasses in the nearby field when the violent wind interfered. As they scurried about they spied Father. He had been visiting a sick child who lived beyond the ridge. He was tired, for he had been buffeted by the strong winds, and so he stopped momentarily to get his breath, then leaned against a tree. Exhausted, deafened by the wind roaring through the branches, he never heard the alarmed voice of warning, 'Look out! Look out!' Before he could move, the falling limb from a giant oak tree struck him with great force. He fell, and never regained consciousness."

* * *

"By the time I was twelve the children in our family were married — all but Henry and me. Mother wasn't well. I had to do most of the housework and help Henry in the field." I could see that Mother was re-living those adolescent years; her lips tightened and her eyes were almost somber and dark as she slowly confessed, "I got to hating the mountains and wishing desperately to leave them. I was so unhappy that I told my family, 'I won't marry any boy who won't take me out of these mountains!' I am now seventy-one years old," and Mother's face softened as she continued, "yet I can remember perfectly the big rock in the creek. I would slip away from the house when I could find time, and I'd sit on that rock for hours, and there I'd imagine what the future might bring. I pictured myself a great lady some day. I'd find a flat slate and on it, with a little slim stone, write stories about the young man who was coming someday to take me far away to a pretty house and give me all the nice clothes my heart desired. When I had finished my story, I would toss the piece of slate into the clear pond of water at my feet. I can close my eyes today and see the bright sparkling brook rippling down on both sides of that big rock, and the beautiful alders with their long blooms bending over my head. The mill pond was just up the creek, and the old mill only a few feet away. The mountains around

me towered above until they seemed to almost touch the sky."

"Then, out of the dream would come my mother's voice calling, 'Dosky, Dosky, it's time you go fetch the cow in and do up the evening work.' I'd run, bridle the old gray horse, throw a sack or a piece of quilt over her back, lead her to the fence — then off to the woods I'd race, listening for the cowbell. Finally, I'd bring her in, with Callie, my dog, at her heels."

Deep appreciation was in her voice as she recalled her own mother. "My mother was very strict," she admitted. "She thought children should do just what their parents told them to. One thing I must give her credit for," and there was emphasis in Mother's praise, "and that is her determination to develop truth and honesty in her children. She would so often say, 'You'll have to be careful what you do. You're poor children, and, when a poor child gets a stain on his character, it's hard to get it clean again.' She refused to let me go to public dances, for there was a lot of drinking in the mountains in those days."

Mother's grandfather was a Childress. Prosperous before the war between the states, Grandfather Childress was a farmer whose acres stretched along the Childress Creek. He died during the Civil War and his family had many hard experiences and suffered great losses. Many stories of those days had been told to us and we all knew of courageous Aunt Surepty and the weaving skill of Grandmother.

I urged Mother to tell me more of her own history. Slowly, she resumed, "After all our brothers and sisters were married, Henry and I tried to get Mother to sell our little place and go where we could make a better living. But Mother was afraid to give up her little home. We could have plenty to eat there, enough to wear, and a very good time. Of course, I didn't share Mother's point of view, and I never stopped building air castles. After I was fourteen I had as many boy friends as most of the girls. But I was never seriously interested in any of them, for most of them had no plans to leave the mountains, and I was determined to go elsewhere as soon as I was a little older. There was one boy," continued Mother, (as if I hadn't guessed it!) "that I thought would leave the mountains and make good. He was five years older than I was — but I had never dreamed of his asking me to go anywhere with him.

"One day — I guess I was about fifteen — Bradford Rymer

came over to our house and told my mother that his mother was sick. Would she let me go over and help them until they could get someone else, or until his mother got better? Mother had always liked Mrs. Rymer; so she let me go. Bradford had ridden a mule over, but when we started back, he didn't ask me to ride behind him on the mule. No indeed! He put me on the mule, and he walked beside me that mile and a half to his home.

"Well, I stayed about two weeks, and his mother seemed pleased with my help, though she treated me just like a little girl. And Bradford gave me no special attention. He did tell me, though, that he remembered my father's accident eight years before. 'Boyd and I were coming home from a trip to Cleveland', he said. 'Someone stopped us and gave us an awful shock by saying Dr. Gee has been killed. We felt a personal loss and wondered how we'd ever get along without him.' "In the years that followed'." Mother said, "many others have mentioned my father and I am grateful he was always recalled as a man of compassion and charity. It's a good heritage."

* * *

"Bradford and his brother were in the lumber business. They had bought the timber on my mother's place and moved the sawmill just below our house. Brad stayed with us for several weeks, and during that time he did invite me to go several places with him, but I still didn't think he would ever ask me to marry him. Then, one Sunday, as we were walking home from church, Bradford said to me, 'I am now ready to leave this place and go West, and I want you to go with me.' I was very happy, for this is what I had hoped and prayed for. He had saved some money, and he said he would go to Oklahoma and buy a home. I could picture a white house with pretty land all around, with cattle and chickens and everything we wanted. For the next few weeks I really did build air castles!"

Mother's flights of fancy were to carry her through many a difficult day, but maturity molded her best dreams, gradually into opportunities, resolutions, and actions. One afternoon on the hillside had brought to life the world of her personal childhood.

* * *

Clipping from **The Weekly Journal** tells some of the superstitions as well as the culture of the mountain people — a life Mother and Dad knew when they were children.

ENN., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1903.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

Famous writers have spoken well of us, but they have never reached the true inwardness of our lives.

They have only written the outwardness: the inside spirit will never be reached until a poet shall evolve from the Unakas, born and reared among the mountains of East Tennessee—in short, one of us must write our superstitions, our peculiarities, our lives.

I believe between the mountaineers of Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee exists a marked difference. I know we do not all live in one-roomed cabins, the joists bedecked with long-necked gourds and expanded bladders, and we do not all plant in the moon.

It has been given to the world that such is the case. Mrs. Burnett said in an article to a leading paper that East Tennesseans never read. If she had come a little further into the mountains she would have found rosey-cheeked girls whose life had not been soured by society who would converse with her of the poets as fluently as her English friends, and who know the Bible perhaps more.

Some of the mountain children have read. They have more time to read than their society sisters, and fancy that they understood better because their minds are not set upon the world of fashion, beaux and good matches.

But while this is the case, the true old-fashioned mountaineer really exists. He and his household alike, arise at 4 a. m., winter and summer. If the ground has been prepared for planting and the points of the moon are up, he promptly postpones until they turn down. In the meantime he does not sit and wait, for there is plenty of work to be done that requires this kind of a moon.

He now builds fences. You see if it were builded when the points were down the ground rails would sink. Beans must be planted when the points are up; onions when they are down, or they will be on top the earth and the sun will burn them green; potatoes likewise.

Soap must be made when they are down or it will boil over; a sassafras stick used for stirring.

Fruit butters of all kinds must be made when they are up or it will sink in the jars. Kraut must then be made for like reasons.

Cabbage must not be transplanted when the sign is in the head or the lice will eat them.

Beets are planted when the sign is in the heart to make them red.

Cabbage seed are sowed on St. Patrick's day—the 17th of March. If this date happens to fall on Sunday, the bed is prepared during the week and the good housewife sows them on the Lord's day.

Cucumber seed are sowed on the 1st Sunday in May. The sower arises early and speaking to no one goes, undressed, and puts the seed in the hills and never fails to have a good crop of "cowcumbers."

The house must not be recovered when the points are up or the ends of the boards will turn up.

When the points are down the men always go squirrel hunting. All "varments" are not near so wild then as when they are up.

Any piece of work begun on Wednesday is always successfully finished, but never begin on Friday.

If you are idle Monday morning, you will be idle all week.

If you want to have good luck never pare your left little finger nail.

Sow wheat in dark moon.

For sick baby gather seven bunches of mint and make a tea.

If someone happens to an accident and is bleeding profusely, put an axe point upward under the building and the blood will stop.

Keep a river rock in the fire and the hawks won't catch the chickens.

When the butter won't gather, drop a hot horse shoe in the churn to burn out the witches.

When a cow won't give down her milk put a stone on her back.

Pick apples in full moon so they won't shrivel.

Don't rely on any almanac but a "Hayarstown."

When the children have whooping cough steal a piece of bread from your neighbor and let them eat it. It's a sure cure.

Bury your hair under a rock when you have it cut and you won't have the headache.

To take off warts there is perhaps a hundred remedies, such as stealing a dishrag and rubbing over them, or picking them with a pin until they bleed, getting the blood on a bit of bread and feeding it to the chickens.

Always wash the back of your ears when you wash your face and you will never have the toothache.

The half has not yet been told.

But some of us have laid aside our almanacs and use only calendars. We have telephone connection with the outside world, free delivery and daily papers, are building soldiers homes and custom houses, and have an influential congressman whose heart is with the mountaineers because he is one of us.

—MRS. M. RATLIFFE.

Maltsberger, Tenn.

S. BRADFORD RYMER AT 20

CLARA LaDOSKY GEE AT 15

Homesteading In Oklahoma

"What proved to be the most important step in my life was taken at four o'clock on Wednesday, July twenty-second, in 1902, when I promised to love, honor, and obey Bradford Rymer, in sickness and in health, 'till death do us part." As Mother thus reminisced she and Dad exchanged smiles and it was apparent that in Dad's eyes:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

"We gathered for the ceremony in the parlor of my old home: Mother; John, Burley, and Henry, my brothers; Boyd; Squire Bob Ramsey, who married us; and Bradford and I, the happy bride and groom.

"Our home was simple, yet how dear it was. It had been built by my father. Every beam, corner and cupboard showed his craftsmanship. I can still see those broad planks of the well-made floors. I like to think of the delightful setting: the house in the holler, surrounded by huge trees of sugar maples, beech and pine. There were evergreens, native to this mountain region; and shrubs such as laurel, pink honeysuckle, ferns, rhododendron. A creek of cold water rippled over the rocks and crevices right down the vale and below the long, shady porch. Pretty little wild flowers like jack-in-the-pulpit and lady-slippers grew everywhere."

Probed gently by a curious daughter, Mother described her bridal gown. "I made my wedding dress — in fact, I had been making my own clothes ever since I was a little girl. Dresses were long in those days, and mine was floor length, a flowered blue and white muslin. The full skirt had four widths of thirty-six inch material, boasted three ruffles at the bottom, while a cape collar with one ruffle completed it." As Mother went on explaining that her shoes were white, pointed and high-buttoned and she wore a white flower in her curly dark hair, we pictured that precious moment. Dad wore a white shirt and his best trousers, with his kerchief tied neatly in a knot near the middle of his chest, a new and sporty fashion cultivated by the young men of his day.

The honeymoon lasted only until the following Sunday. Then Dad said good-bye to his bride and headed for Oklahoma where a new life of unlimited promise would begin. It had been his dream, and months before the wedding Mother had agreed he should go ahead to look over a particular section, enthusiastically praised by friends and relatives who lived in that vicinity and had urged Dad to settle there.

The place in Oklahoma was one mile from a small settlement called Leota, a "metropolis" boasting a post office and one general store. Leota was just nine-and-a-half miles from the larger town of Thomas. The location seemed satisfactory; the arrangements for taking possession of the 160 acres, or quarter section of land allowed a homesteader, were completed. Dad's old home in the Tennessee mountains was sold after his father had died May 10, 1901, and his mother and brother had decided to go West to live with Dad and Mother. Actually the two brothers were inseperable, and, as long as Uncle Boyd lived, they continued in business together. Now they were investing as partners in this homestead land in Oklahoma. More compelling, however, than the business venture was Boyd's physical dependence on Dad and Mother, for by this time he was very lame and Grandmother, herself, suffered from asthma.

So it was that three weeks after the wedding day, Grandmother Rymer, Boyd, and Mother were packed and ready to leave for Oklahoma. A cousin, Jessie Rymer, drove them all the way from Polk county to Cleveland, in a two-horse wagon. They started at the crack of dawn since mountain folk are early risers. The four of them rumbled along over the rough, red-clay dirt of narrow hairpin turns in the mountains and down along the crooked Hiwassee River Road into Parksville. This was the short cut to Cleveland and it brought them there by late afternoon.

Can't you just see them? And groan in sympathy over their cramped discomfort high on those board seats, with only a low back for support, and a tiny handrail to clutch for safety? Though the squeaky springs fastened to each side of the wagon-bed lessened the bumps and jars, still the steel-rimmed wheels spelled out a continuous clankety-clank. The three travelers were relieved to take the

train at the Southern Railway Station in Cleveland, and an hour later to be greeted in Chattanooga by Aunt Rachel, Grandmother Rymer's sister.

For the first time in her life Mother saw and rode in a streetcar, the only means of transportation to and from Aunt Rachel's home. Auntie had prepared an appetizing supper, featuring her luscious sweet potatoes; so that her guests were refreshed and rested by early evening when they finally boarded the train headed for the West. Enroute Uncle Boyd stopped off at Hot Springs, Arkansas, for the baths which were supposed to cure arthritis. To Mother the journey was very thrilling, seeing new country, and anticipating new experiences in the untried life ahead.

But she did not have to wait for Oklahoma for excitement. Grandmother and Mother had settled themselves in the day coach at the rear of the train. Shortly after midnight, Mother was awakened. Grandmother was suffering a severe attack of asthma. Mother's face grew serious as she recalled, "I was doing all I could to help her when I lost my balance, slid into the aisle, rocking back and forth, unable to stand. We couldn't imagine what had happened. As soon as the motion subsided, a commotion among the sleepy passengers set in. In a short time medical care was at hand, although we were in the Arkansas swamp area, fortunately near a small town. No one was seriously hurt. One of the front cars, they said, had run off the track. All the passengers were taken to a nearby boarding house, where they sat around until daylight; but the accident caused a delay of eight or ten hours.

"At long last we were on our way and our destination of Weatherford was in sight. My thoughts had been with my husband whom I imagined in an agony of uncertainty, perhaps not aware of the cause of the train's delay. As we drew near the station I scarcely recognized him with his clothes covered with black dust and his hat pulled down tight on his head — to secure it from the constant wind of Oklahoma, so different from the easy way a man wears a hat in Tennessee. I guess the warning, 'Hang on to your hat' must have started in windy Oklahoma."

Mother's word-pictures of the place awaiting her womanly touch were not exactly the same as Dad's He described the house by special request in a letter written September 20, 1955: "I believe you asked about the kind of house we had. I don't know whether I should tell you or not. There was a one-room log house on the place when we bought it; and, in addition, I made a dug-out a few feet from the house. It was three feet deep and I built a room on top of it. You also ask about sod houses. I was in one dug-out that people lived in that had rooms dug out in the ground, and was made a-purpose for cyclones when they came along. It was covered with sod and was just about level with the ground. You know, when I was out there, it was a territory. The old settlers filed on the land of 160 acres for $14.00. You could live on it for 14 months and go before the government and prove-up what had been done and pay so much an acre, or you could live on it 7 years and go prove-up what had been done and pay another $14.00 and they would give you a deed reserving all the rights of oil and minerals. So this is all I can write you about the situation out there at that time. Of course, you know fifty odd years have brought around a great change, not only in Oklahoma but everywhere else. I am glad that I got my experience with the West when I was young and able to work, because I have seen quite a lot of old people sell what they had here, go out there and go broke in their old days. I went broke in my young days, but I was still able to work — great experience! I will keep digging along and will write you more later on. Your Daddy, as ever. S. B. Rymer"

Unlike Dad's realistic view, Mother's recollections of the house in Oklahoma were colored with first impressions of that open country. "The rich black lands were a sight to see," and she closed her eyes, recalling, "the great stretches of treeless, unprotected flat surfaces of the prairie, with the wind sweeping in every direction, with its foreboding sounds as night drew near. There were no trees or fences around our house. I could stand in our yard and count fifteen houses. The nearest was a mile away." Born as she was in the East Tennessee mountains, she carried in her memory the picture of tall stately trees, etched against the sky with a background of high mountain fastness. Mountains to her seemed friendly. Prairies seemed lonesome and the sky seemed to sink right down on the landscape, like a heavy dome.

As for farming, when Dad bought the land, the place already had cotton growing right up to the house. Later he planted corn; that, too, grew up to the door. They had a few chickens, a cow, and two big white horses. "Also," boasted Dad, "we had a new Studebaker wagon." He continued, "There was a well on our place, but we couldn't drink the water nor even use it to wash our hands; if we did, our hands stuck together as if they'd been glued!" Dad explained this was gypsum water, for it came off the gypsum rocks in the well. "And it was no good," he concluded in a tone of disgust. "But where did you get your water?" I persisted. At that, both Dad and Mother perked right up, and Dad smiled and said, "Some folks had cisterns. We caught rain water to use; but most of the time I hauled water in barrels four or five miles."

How demanding we are today, and how little one really needs to set up housekeeping. Mother enumerated the meager items she and Dad had bought to start their little homestead. "We set up housekeeping on forty dollars," she began. "That bought a step-stove. You don't know what that is? Well, it has four eyes and an oven behind the fire box, which ran up the backside near the pipe. It set up fairly high on four legs. In it we burned some cut-wood, but mostly corn cobs or anything else we could find. We had two iron bedsteads, costing five dollars each; coil springs, two-fifty each; a table; cooking vessels; and four cane bottom chairs."

Mother wasted no pity on her younger self nor on the material shortcomings of her life. Rather, in recapturing familiar scenes, she remembered the unforgettable ones: tumbleweed in fences, a frightening cyclone, quail for breakfast, and the snake that did not get away, and so many others.

Tumbleweed and its characteristic violent rhythm fascinated her. In autumn she saw tumbleweed break away from its roots and race along the highways, with the prairie wind tossing them into bigger and bigger chains and only ceasing when they reached a fence to which they clung. "Whole lines of fences covered with tumbleweed is a sight to behold," said Mother.

Memories of that year out west were surprisingly vivid. Though they suffered no immediate damage from the cyclone that hit their

area one evening, the experience was a frightening one, and many of their neighbors lost considerable of their property and livestock. Mother told of the cyclone this way: "One evening I had finished milking the cow when I saw dark clouds gathering; heard the roar of the wind like the noise of a thousand circle saws. From these signs I knew that a cyclone was coming. Bradford was not at home. He had gone to Thomas where he had taken a wagonload of corn. Roads and directions out there were measured by so many miles north, so many miles west, a square turn, then five-and-a-half miles directly north from our farm. As I figured it, he would be right on the highway. Oh, I was so anxious about his safety. I ran to the house in the blinding dust. Do you know, our faithful old watch-dog, Fritz, seemed to understand, not only what was going on outside, but he sensed the tension, the turmoil of emotion seething within me. Long before I heard the clatter of the horses' hooves, Fritz raised up from the doorway and darted like a streak of lightning for the road. There was no time for greetings or explanations. Bradford unbuckled the harness from the horses and wagon; then away flew the horses for the canyon, a big washed-out gully. We ran to the dugout, a few feet from the house, and safety. The destructive force of the cyclone cut a wide path through the area leaving great desolation in its wake."

Here is a gay experience Mother recounted. "Early one morning, even before he got out of bed, Brad said he'd like to have quail for breakfast. I built a fire in the stove, and when I looked out the window, believe it or not, there was a covey of quail. Turning to Brad I shouted, 'If you get up from there you can put your gun through the window and have quail for breakfast.' With record speed the gun was thrust through the window. One shot rang out from the double-barreled shotgun, and with Brad's sure aim and steady hand that one barrel brought down four birds! He did have quail for breakfast!"

Work my young mother accepted readily, but the prevalence of snakes in prairie life filled her with disgust and I could feel it as she told this story. "I was up early, busy about the house for the rest of the family had gone away for the day, when suddenly my eyes fell on a long snake crawling along the floor close to the wall. There was no use screaming or getting frantic when there was no one to

help me. Frankly, I was afraid. I got into action fast. Luckily our axe was handy. I clutched it firmly in my hand, and calm in the head but trembling inside, I let it fall heavily in one quick deadly blow. That sealed its fate. When I had a chance to examine it, I found that it was a non-poisonous ground reptile. Anyway, I loathe snakes!"

Evidently Grandmother Rymer and Uncle Boyd did not easily adjust themselves to the new way of life. "I think," speculated Mother, "that the letters they used to receive from their relatives out here recommended the dry climate as a remedy for their ailments. You see, Grandmother Rymer had suffered from rheumatism. In fact, it had caused a dislocated hip. She had asthma, too. Boyd's arthritis was no better. Disappointed in this country, both were lonesome for their life in Tennessee. The sounds of wind and beast, especially the call of the coyote, distressed Grandmother Rymer a great deal. The land itself did not look like a good investment to either of them; so, after two months in Oklahoma, they decided to return, not to the mountains since they had sold their home, but to settle in Cleveland. In October, they were heading for Tennessee.

Before Grandmother and Uncle Boyd left, however, Dad decided he would sell the place and eventually join them in Cleveland. In the meantime, the work of the farm must go on. Mother said she milked the cow regularly morning and evening. "Then I'd feed the chickens twice a day. In the spring I set the hens. helped hatch out the baby chicks — and I am telling you, that requires careful attention. There was always a garden to plant, to hoe, and to weed; kerosene lamps to clean and to fill; always three meals a day to prepare and dishes to wash. In midsummer and fall, I'd pick peaches and grapes and whatever other fruit there was, in addition to the vegetables we raised. Since our plans were uncertain, I did no canning. When I had the leisure that fall, I picked the cotton that grew around the house, though it belonged to the previous owner. Each time I gathered a few balls in a sack, I would lay them aside on the floor of the empty room. Little by little I accumulated quite a heap, but I had no idea of its value. When the owner came, he insisted on paying me ten dollars!" Mother's voice rang with pride. Unwittingly she was transported to a farm in Oklahoma, where ten dollars, fifty years ago, was a considerable sum of money.

Mother's work was arduous, but so was Dad's. He tended every foot of his hundred-sixty acres. He plowed, harrowed, and planted fields of wheat, oats, corn, kaffircorn, and cotton. His tools were the elementary ones of the period. The two horses worked at the plow, in the field, took the folks to town, or over to neighbors and friends, when they had time to visit. Mother and Dad did see relatives occasionally. Dad enjoyed hunting. He would bring back jack-rabbits, prairie hens, field larks, and quail. And always there was beauty. When crops were laid by, there was the sea of undulating golden grain to look upon with awe and satisfaction.

On Saturday midafternoon, June thirteenth, 1903, a baby girl was born in this home of theirs in the prairie land. She was named Zola Marine.

After fifteen months in Oklahoma, Dad had practically completed his arrangements for disposing of the farm. He put Mother and Baby Zola on the train homeward bound. He was delayed longer than he expected and it was April before he wound up the deal. He suffered a shocking loss, for he recovered barely enough, including team, crop, tools and wagon, to pay back the half-share his brother had invested. Dad lost everything — the round sum of $1200 — all he had ever made back in the mountains. This was a good-sized purse in terms of mountain folks' thinking. He finally arrived in Cleveland, with ten dollars in his pocket. Nevertheless, after over fifty years, Dad could write, "I am glad that I got my experience with the West when I was young and able to work. I went broke in my young days, but I was still able to work — a great experience!"

When Dad's other descendants search for the key which has opened the door to his present success, will they be reminded of "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost? In his early twenties Dad stood looking outward into two possible futures: one, the West; the other, Tennessee. Both were comparatively new in opportunity at the turn of the century — not yet trodden by heavy commerce nor touched by social changes. Perhaps for him Oklahoma had "the better claim." However, he decided to keep the West "for another day," yet he must have said in his heart, "I doubted if I should ever come back."

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN *

by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

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Ocoee Street at the turn of the century J. S. Hancock

Growing Up Together

When Dad rejoined his little family in Cleveland, he was twenty-four years old. In his heart was the same ideal of personal independence; but in his pocket was only ten dollars, the remains of his early savings; and on his mind, the urgency of his responsibilities.

Having found a little home for us on Parker Street, he worked for sixty cents a day at the W. S. Milne Chair Factory. That experience and his subsequent partnerships with Uncle Boyd, as co-owner first of a grocery store, then a pool room, and finally the coal and feed business, were the first of the varied steps he was to take on his way to the management of his own internationally-known firm. They were slow steps, according to Dad, and it was these initial jobs in Cleveland that instilled in him the patience and practice they required. For the balance of prudence and daring with which he eventually launched his career, he credited Uncle Boyd's conservative advice and Mother's imaginative, long view of things.

Mother was Dad's prime consultant. As they grew in mutual understanding, he saw that her work as family manager was very similar to his at the plant — a matter of human relations, technical knowledge, and broad judgment. She certainly used the same ingredients, but she shifted their ratios often and supplemented them with much tenderness and intuition.

For the first one and a half years after Dad settled in Cleveland, we lived, together with Uncle Boyd and Grandmother Rymer, in three different homes — the frame dwelling on Parker Street, the Levi Trewhitt place on 35 E Street, and the big boarding house on 32nd Street where Roy was born. Mother's enthusiastic temperament turned these moves into challenges, and she embraced new tasks as if she had been made for hard work. When the roomier house became imperative, she took in regular and transient boarders to help pay the rent. The two-storey residence was homey, but Mother remembers that the paint was peeling and the soup was thin, and that thrift consisted of making things do.

Because these were lean days with seldom a margin for saving, in her memory the first fifty dollars she ever made clear takes on the gleam of pure gold. In the fall of 1905 she agreed to bed and board twelve jurors and a sheriff. It meant doling out the apple butter for which she had peeled apples for days, mixing and baking three times as many biscuits, and having the table set between meals to be ready for the onslaught; but the court's payment for her services gave an air of prosperity to that whole month of November. When at the end of it, Mother was able to settle the grocery bill, pay the month's rent, replenish a fifty-pound can of lard, and buy a cord of wood for the big cooking stove, she marveled that she still had that fifty dollar bill. What became of it eventually is a mystery she has never been able to fathom.

In March 1906, when Roy was not quite six months old, the big house near the square burned to the ground. Uncle Boyd was the one who discovered the blaze and shouted warnings as he ushered Grandmother from the house. Dad dashed out to give the alarm. In the excitement Mother placed Roy and me in a room across the hall for safety, only to be told the whole house was burning. She and Dad rushed us outside shortly before it collapsed in flames.

One of J. R. Brown's small houses served us as a temporary home, but when Marvin was born the following September, Dad sought better accommodations. Four more times in the next eleven years we were to pack up again to settle in different neighborhoods. In every house, Dad claimed, Mother was able to create a home-feeling, and, though neither of them ever said so, each move could, in a way, serve as a measure of their social mobility — from wagons to Packards — in two generations.

The baby was almost a year old when we moved to Seven Row (named after the seven houses in a row) in the summer of 1908. To get her day's work underway, Mother would place little Marvin in a washtub — that day's playpen — on the wide porch. There he'd sit cheerily by the hour watching the horses clip-clop up the street to haul their lurching wagons into the Jockey Lot across the way.

Zola, Marvin, and LeRoy
at 6, 2, and 4

Roy was content to play in the backyard and I was forever washing doll clothes. Every night after Mother had finally snuggled us three into bed, she sewed pants "farmed out" by the nearby Hardwick Woolen Mill. If Dad's income was to be continually re-invested in the business, then certainly she could be ingenious enough to manage things at home. Resourcefully, she turned the trick of providing clothes enough for all the family and splurging on a little go-cart besides. Despite her housework and the long hours of sewing, she always had time for us children. I can see her now in the huge rocking chair, just before bedtime, reading stories to three sleepyheads, Baby Marvin, on her lap, and Roy and me perched on the arms of the chair. I remember patting her abundant dark hair and feeling completely happy.

Yet there were times when we three indulged in more than our share of whining, for Dad began calling us the "criers." Whenever LeRoy let out a whimper, I'd chime in, and the two of us considered Marvin's lung exercise an invitation to join the chorus. Mother's homemade psychology stopped our tune in a hurry one morning when she hauled a glass bowl out of the cupboard and handed it down to me.

"When you children cry this bowl full of tears, I'll get you some goldfish."

Her threat proved as effective as a pushbutton. Not only did our tears stop coming, but the ones already shed, their cause forgotten, disappeared. Goldfish, of course, became highly desirable and we did acquire some soon afterward, knowing instinctively that any more rumpus-raising might make them evaporate.

We spent our next biding time in what we called "the White House" on Lee Street, now Broad Street. An accompanying barn and a front porch distinguished it from its predecessors, and Mother again took in boarders, this time four girls employed at the woolen mills.

Less than a year afterward, in the fall of 1910, Dad had accumulated enough money to build a concrete structure in the angle formed by 31st and 32nd Streets. He leased to a grocery store the first floor and readied two sizeable apartments above, one for our family, and the other for Grandmother Rymer and Uncle Boyd. By that time Dad and his brother had established themselves in business as the Rymer Brothers and they both worked so hard day and night that Dad's recollections of those days were anything but serene. Indicative of the position in which they found themselves was the reaction of one of their drivers, negro Sam. Bewildered at the sudden rush of orders for coal one bitter day in November, he made the glum comment (that was to become a household cliché), "Boss, it's either too much or too none."

Grandmother Rymer was inclined to fret about her boys more and more as she noticed Boyd's stiffening walk and Brad's drawn face. Her interest exercised some influence on them, but nothing could dim Dad's iron determination to make a go of it. Since Uncle Boyd's growing infirmity made it impossible for him to do any of the sinewy jobs, Dad had to lift the heavy bags of feed and each morning before his chores began, his back would be racked with tiredness from the work of the day before.

Good use was made of the White Truck for Sunday picnic outings

Rymer Bros. — S. B. Rymer at scales, John Jones at wheel, Harry Bryant in front, Sam (1911)

Uncle Boyd had a predilection for the finer shades of the business. He would analyze the investments, bending meditatively over his cane; he would predict the profits and losses, running his hand through his receding hair. Though he and Dad differed on some matters, they never walked with a space of enmity between them.

Uncle Boyd could have side-stepped close association with us children; instead he cherished each new niece and nephew. So pleased was he when the first boy was born, he quietly slipped in during the baby's nap and pinned to the pillow a little paper on which he had written his grandfather's name, LeRoy. Because of his waning health, Uncle Boyd used to sit for hours in the split-cane rocking chair on the porch in the summertime. We children vividly recall the arched handle of his walking cane, for it often hugged our necks in affectionate teasing or in sharp discipline. Since we always sensed what it meant, we invariably kept our distance when we were guilty of pranks. However, Mother would promptly appear when Uncle Boyd used his cane to strike sharply on the porch floor if we were disobedient.

On my tenth birthday he gave me an upright Steinway piano and I was able to play a simple piece for him before he died a year later. It is still used in the sunroom at home. In May 1955, after forty-three years of circulating from place to place as our situations varied, it was completely reconditioned. Often the second generation trips over its keys, either with feet or fingers.

In his last years, although the pain of arthritis had crippled him severely, Uncle Boyd made brief daily calls to the store either on crutches or in his wheel chair. One morning in March he arrived earlier than usual and called Dad over to the big, round stove where they had held many of their conferences. He held a folded paper up long enough to snap it against his other hand. "This is my will," he said as he lifted the lid from the top of the stove and threw the document into the fire. He had complete confidence in his brother's ability, and he knew that Dad would take care of their mother as long as she lived. Uncle Boyd's days with Dad were few after that. He died October 3, 1914, and Grandmother Rymer died on Christmas Eve of that same year.

Shortly after Dad and Uncle Boyd had arranged a more favorable business location on Edwards Street in 1912, we moved for the eighth time. For seven unforgettable years we lived in our own two-family house on 32nd Street. Here the birth of another girl fulfilled a special wish of mine. The loss of three-month old Mary Elizabeth, born two years before, made Ruth's arrival especially dear. Marvin insisted on naming her "Miss Ruth" for his Sunday School teacher, Miss Ruth Aiken, and Roy complimented Mother on the two boys — two girls arrangement, but no one could have been happier than I over our new baby sister. How privileged I felt to be allowed to take her in the new carriage up to the corner of Church Street; how pleased when Miss Gussie Kelly, a neighbor, came down the steps of her long, yellow porch to admire the baby; and how thrilled to push the carriage down to Dad's store.

During those years Mother and Dad seldom felt the need for diversion other than Sunday pleasure drives in the White truck. One winter Mother attended programs at the Opera House over Steed's Drug Store and talked most about the performance starring Enrico Caruso. Occasionally in the spring she and Dad would join their friends on the Court House lawn to hear the promises of a political orator, or the warnings of a traveling preacher. On sunlit Sunday mornings Dad loved to explore the hunting country, looking for squirrel and coon signs near Big Frog Mountain. Most Saturday nights after the house was quiet, he chose to relax with the weekly Cleveland Banner. I recall so well the look of his heavy-soled shoes,

laced ankle-high, creased and shaped by those thousands of steps that took him from Sunday services, through his round of duties each day of the week, to his well-earned rest on Saturday night. When his pioneering at the foundry took on a more professional air, the same style shoe, modified in a soft leather, remained his choice.

S. Bradford, Jr., arrived on a Sunday afternoon in May 1915, and for the sixth time our relatives and friends went through their catalog of contrasts and delights to describe the latest addition. Then, on December 23, 1917, came the climax of the family drama — twins, Lela Roberta and Robert Edward, and the house was supercharged with life.

Mother's ingenuity, formerly used for turning her spare time into money, now tackled new problems that were to put her stamina to the test. Along with the care of the cow and a few chickens, there was butter to be churned; there were fruits and vegetables to be put up; there was meat packing in the fall when Dad needed assistance in the smokehouse. There was the garden to be hoed and the house to be kept clean; the baking to be done and the meals to be prepared. Sometimes there was a baby under each arm and another hugging her knees, while she warmed the milk or sized up our appearance before we left for school.

Dad dated his own start in the manufacturing business with the birth of the twins and the imminence of World War I. The erection of the casting foundry, the buying of patterns and flasks and other equipment, and the first days of trial and error had been sweated out the summer before. Nevertheless Dad felt most confident of success just about the time the twins were ready for spoon-feeding — and the rest of the family was getting used to meatless meals. Mother's small vegetable garden kept us supplied with home grown products, but the winter of 1918 and its epidemic of influenza bedded all of us except Dad. He was our nursemaid and cook until Mother was well enough to resume the job. Some of our cousins and most of our neighbors were afflicted dreadfully. Public soup kitchens were opened downtown to help out the stricken families. Close on the heels of our own recovery came the joyful news of the war's end and the wildly happy celebration when the armistice was signed.

THE S. BRADFORD RYMER HOME — 620 Ocoee Street, Cleveland, Tennessee

Kay Daniell Studio

Dad bought the fine old Cates home in a lovely residential section of Cleveland on March 17, 1919, What exciting hours we children spent exploring those rooms that were to become so dear to us! From every window there was a tasteful view — on the north side the rich green holly trees and pink dogwood, the large front lawn flanked by great shade trees, on the south side the unusual Japanese fan tree. We saw limitless uses for the wide stretch of green backyard, ideal for games with friends we were yet going to meet. Life was very full indeed at the house on Ocoee Street. The remodeling of it and the addition of a shuffleboard area, a baseball lot, and a flower garden, as the years went by, only enhanced the atmosphere of work and love, music and laughter, persuasion and sympathy that made it truly home.

In such pleasant surroundings Mother and Dad's large-hearted ways found expression in neighborly favors and holiday parties. There would be surprise expeditions to Chattanooga, special treats for the youngsters, unexpected graduation gifts — a camera for me, a first pair of long trousers for Roy when he finished grammar school. Once, when we had had a particularly lively birthday party by ourselves, Bert hugged Mother in an outburst of gratitude and announced ardently, "I'm glad I'm here!"

Hospitality was Mother's middle name, so welcome were the chums we brought home. She'd mix a big pot of old fashioned syrup taffy, and let us do the stretching and pulling of it 'till the long golden-white braids of candy were ready for cutting. Before it achieved its brittle deliciousness, we'd lassoo each other with the long left-overs and lick up the bits that stretched off. Then Mother would put the big braids on our marble top table and cut them into pieces. "Kisses in the dark" were another favorite sweet to be made when neighborhood children spent the evening at our house.

Milk was left on our porch in five-gallon cans. Mother ordered sugar in hundred pound bags. Jelly, peaches, apple butter, spiced pears, and pickled beets were always plentiful. Our table was always big enough for one more or many more. Business friends of Dad often joined us for a meal, but whether it was a bishop, a missionary or a workman who stayed for dinner, the unforgettable whiff of good

Ready for family dinner

Kay Daniell Studio

corn bread baking invited their liveliest stories and our best manners. Steaming dishes of turnip greens and fried corn would complement the country ham and savory red-eye gravy. Mother's meals were always special and even when there was no company, out would come the best table linen and loveliest china. We used to scold but the answer was characteristic of Mother. "Who would I rather use them for than my own family?"

Occasionally, Dad enjoyed stepping into the kitchen to prepare a lunch-time favorite, wilted lettuce with corn bread and butter. The hams from the smoke-house got his special attention if he was on hand to help. When he came from town there were always pocket surprises — a carton of peppermint candy, horehound sticks or a poke of chocolate drops to put on the mantel of the upstairs living room. For years the highlight of our Christmas was the crates of oranges and apples that Dad added to the array of gifts under the tree.

Of all the holidays we celebrated together, Easter Sundays are the ones framed in a glow of rainbow colors for me. When the grandchildren look forward to the picnic and egg hunt after church, I am remembering the ones my brothers and sisters and I enjoyed when the Packard was new. The twins were about two years old when Dad had a hankering to spend Easter visiting old friends of his up in the mountains to let them see how the children had grown. Ruth and I dressed in our third outfit for the day (new dresses for the Sunrise Service, "our bests" for church and Sunday School) would clamber into the back of the car with the boys, chew over who'd sit where and then, sensitized to the jouncy rhythm of the wheels on rutted roads, we'd get set for the hillside visit.

Picnic meals of stuffed eggs and cold fried chicken were banquets

First family car — Packard
Susie Prince, Belle Mathis holding S. B., Jr. and Zola

Second car — Twin-six Packard — Early 20's
(Hibbard Albritton at wheel)

up there. I can still picture the lard pail supported by forked sticks and bailing wire swinging over the camp fire, brewing rich black coffee. The feet of the volunteer cooks would ply back and forth from the lard kettle to the huge picnic table. When the food was gone, Dad and Mother would chin with their mountain friends while we children ran wild over the wind-dried grass and found echo-y places to shout from.

The mountain shadows would always reach the top of the old well too soon, and we'd have to start for home. Taking off was risky business, for the young folks we were leaving would jump on the running board, and race down the hill beside the car to holler good-bye and come again. It was a merry trip every time, our friendships increasing with each year's meeting.

Up to 1957, Mother still boiled and colored eggs to be hidden among the shrubbery and flowers in the backyard. The next year a glamourous touch was added to the festivities with a hundred blown-out, hand-painted eggs, to be divided among the youngsters. Though the family has thirty-six members now, the problem of where to put us all was solved as long ago as 1948, when Dad and Mother built a lovely summerhouse with long tables and benches to provide plenty of room for our summer dinners.

The playful antics of the grandchildren began to be hard on Dad in later years but he seldom spoke crossly. He would simply look the situation over through his glasses, then give his necktie a deliberate turnabout to let the mischief-makers get a peek at the pin he wore under it. Somehow they always got the point and Dad never found it necessary to go into action.

By the time Roy and Marvin and I were in our teens, we each had had some acquaintance with a musical instrument. Roy played saxophone in the high school orchestra and Marvin was studying clarinet. Though our enthusiasm for individual practice wavered now and then, we loved to play and sing together. The buying of a ukelele for Ruth turned out to be a happy investment, for when we three went off to school, she promoted the same kind of fun for herself and the younger ones. Once the twins got past the cop-and-robber stage and discovered music, nothing else, to Bert at least, ever seemed half so exciting. She would get Bob to play duets with her or sing, while Ruth strummed and Skeet with his clarinet rounded out their foursome. Impromptu "sings" and concerts came to be the order of

Robert and Roberta at 12

Ruth and S. B. Jr. at 8 and 5

the day or night and whether our chords harmonized or clashed, the rest of the family never seemed to mind, nor did the neighbors. In fact, whenever we had company, Dad and Mother would expect us to perform. No matter how sedate our visitors were, Ruth could always manage to make us laugh before we got through the final number and the fun was doubled when Bert pantomimed the pieces we played and sang.

Whatever lessons in living we have learned, we certainly had top-flight direction from Mother and practical example from Dad. We were Southern Methodists and, thanks to Mother, we seldom missed weekly church service or Sunday School. Dad was a liberal giver to his church for he was convinced that God was directing his life and blessing his family in countless ways. From the time he first established the Dixie plant in 1917, he gave financial help to the little mission churches in the area. These early charities squared with his faith. Since living costs more than kept pace with his increased earnings those early donations meant real sacrifice.

The manners and ideals we children failed to imbibe at home we got from our best associations elsewhere. Bert says she never would have pursued a comprehensive music education had it not been for Mrs. C. F. Kelly's prodding and encouragement. Bob gives one of his teachers credit for his good study habits. We older children even found the Red Path Chautauqua an inspiration. In a special crisp dress for each morning and afternoon, I attended with my brothers and the neighborhood children. We found every act entrancing — the classical music as satisfying as the magician's tricks. Each year for a brief time we basked in an atmosphere of culture, gay, genuine, and easy to take.

All of us remember being "called on the carpet" in the upstairs living room. Never forfeiting their authority by making light of our misbehaviour, Mother and Dad believed that the word withheld was infinitely more meaningful than the finger-shaking lecture. Deep was the mark their few words made on me the time I wrecked the Packard. Not quite sixteen, I had ventured into town with the car aginst Dad's permission and had, as the reporter might put it, failed to negotiate the turn. Facing Dad's sternness and Mother's sharp concern was a chastening experience in itself, but facing the facts and having to do something about them enhanced my respect for law and order.

That was the first of a succession of times that that wonderful room was to be used for discipline. Ordinarily it was our favorite gathering place, the ideal spot for a visit, or for the showing off of our best school work, our collection items, or the latest photographs. When the house was enlarged and modernized eight years later, this room needed little changing to please us. By that time one whole wall had been covered with family pictures — birthday parties, graduations, college sports events — precious moments arrested forever. Here we still love to reminisce with our friends, look for pictures of the latest grandchildren, and count the ones in playsuits and formals that have long since outnumbered the procession of brides and grooms over the mantelpiece. A family tradition took shape in the upstairs living room, for almost all of us have begun our own family photograph room.

While the remodeling was going on in 1927, the family spent part of the summer at the farm, one of Dad's first leisure-time investment. Though Dad and Mother were old hands at farming, we had never done much more than sight-seeing in the country. To be turned loose on a good-sized farm for ten weeks was an adventure for all of us — an astonishing one for me and fascinating to the boys when it came to tractors and spreaders and planters. Ruth and her friends, fifteen and romantic, took to horseback riding and star-gazing. The twins, who chomped on apples and satisfied their curiosity about every aspect of farming, remember walking to Charleston for candy.

When the house was ready and they had to leave the farm on a blue-gold day in September, even the youngsters knew that the bluffs, where the hills fall away to join the farm, would never look quite the same again. The parting of the ways had begun. The renewing of school friendships was around the corner, graduations and weddings, too. For some of us, the growing-up days had come to an end.

The time came, of course, for the last doll to be given away and for the croquet and ping-pong sets to be handed over to assorted grandchildren; for more thoughtful homecomings and less casual leavetakings; for rarer reunions too precious to miss and for nostalgic visits in the upstairs living room; and finally for talk of how to keep the memory of it all and for the recollections of the past to become a source of deep contentment to the two who had made them so agreeable for us.

CHRISTMAS 1950
with
Dad and Mother Rymer
Cleveland, Tennessee

Back Row — Marvin J. Rymer, S. B. Rymer, Jr. (Skeet), Harry L. Dethero, (Ike), Lester A. Graf, LeRoy Rymer, Anne C. Rymer, Lester G. Graf (Jack), Dad, Mother.

Second Row — Kathryne S. Johnston (Kitty), Robert E. Rymer (Bob), Roberta R. Keyes (Bert), Kenneth S. Keyes, Jr. (Ken), Ruth R. Dethero.

Foreground — James M. Johnston, Jr. (Jimmie), Zola R. Graf, Mary Elizabeth H. Rymer (Mary Lib), Josephine S. Rymer (Jo), Elizabeth Anne Graf (Betty Anne), Grace M. Rymer.

Back Row — Lester G. Graf, Kathryne S. Johnston, Elizabeth Anne Graf, Edwin Franklin Peck III (Sonny), Anita Elise Rymer, Clara Lucille Keyes.

Second Row — Pauline Malinda Rymer, John B. Hoyle Rymer, LeRoy Rymer, Jr., John Bradford Dethero, David Lawrence Dethero (Bunny).

Foreground — Kenneth S. Keyes III (Kenny), Robert E. Rymer Jr., Christopher Joseph Rymer (Joe), Kathryne R. Johnston, Harry Ramsey Dethero.

THE S. B. RYMER
WINTER HOMES
Coral Gables, Florida

1111 Alhambra Circle 1937

Greenway Drive 1946

4101 Toledo Street 1958

Fun Remembering

It was late afternoon, August 23, 1955. Mother lay back in her reclining chair, relaxed after a warm day. We had chosen this favorite downstairs bedroom, where the family had always loved to gather before dinner, for the reminiscences that were to give some life to our genealogy. With the old picture album on her lap, Mother was about to review for me some of the more familiar stories about her own mother's relatives. By chance, the book opened first to the picture of Mother herself in her girlhood.

"Mother, you were a prettier girl than any of your daughters. We've inherited your long, curly eyelashes, but none of us can boast your beautiful complexion." The large, tinted picture of Mother, reproduced from an old tintype, brought out her youthful loveliness.

"I was only fifteen when that was taken, my hair was black and curly; my eyes, grey-blue." In a few minutes, with a little encouragement, Mother, delightfully direct, was recreating herself as the wide-eyed youngster she had been over fifty years before. "I remember, I had just recovered from malaria when that picture was taken. My hair had been coming out, and the girl I used to play with urged me to let her trim it. When she put down the scissors, and I looked into the mirror, I felt I was ruined for life! That friend must have been jealous of my curls, but they grew back in again, curlier than ever."

Mother pointed out the gold clasp at the collar of the dress she had worn for the picture. "That pin I got by saving Arbuckle Coffee coupons." Her eyes reflected the joy she had felt when her treasure had been brand new. "And that black cape I bought at the store; I think I paid all of three dollars for it in Reliance! See the narrow fur trim on the collar? A young girl of today couldn't be prouder of her first high-heeled shoes or her first wristwatch than I was of that finery!"

In that precious mood of remembrance she turned the pages slowly, pausing before a picture of her Aunt Sis, her own mother's oldest sister. There were the shoulder-length ringlets of Civil War days.

"And see that sweet smile?" asked Mother. "Well, you'd never guess what a temper that concealed. Aunt Sis had a beau, a young man named Culpepper, and, believe me, she was crazy about him. Sis always showed him her best side, honey sweet as her blond curls, and dainty as her long ruffled dresses."

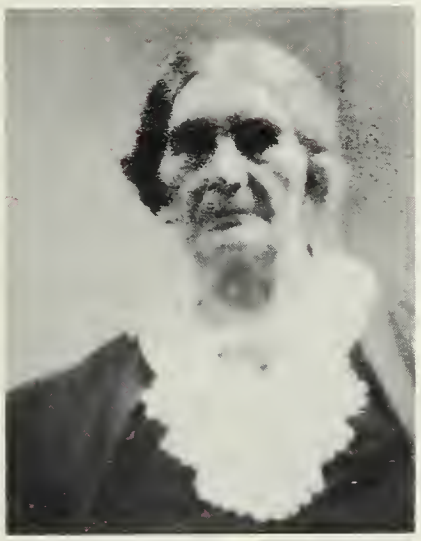
Mother rounded out the details of the story. It seems that Aunt Sis was expecting Mr. Culpepper to call one Sunday in June; and eager to be at her best, she decided to sneak a few winks of sleep. Emmaline (that was Mother's mother) was stationed at the bedroom window to give ample warning if she saw anyone approach.

Sis hung her petticoats on the bedposts, crawled into the trundle bed, and was probably dreaming of wedding bells, when Emmaline whispered as loud as she could, "Sis! Sis! Get up quick! Culpepper's here!" Sis jumped out of bed, looked dazedly toward the door, but saw nobody there. "Emmaline, you lied to me;" she shouted, giving poor Emmaline a sharp smack on the mouth. Emmaline tried to tell her again that Mr. Culpepper was close to the house, but Sis was incredulous still. Hair tousled, brow frowning, indignant in her slim pantalettes, she was about to give her little sister another smack when the sound of a footstep drew her eyes to the front door. There, disillusioned, embarrassed, speechless, stood Mr. Culpepper. One long look was enough for him. My mother said that he whisked himself out of sight, and with him went the high hopes of Aunt Sis.

Mother had often quoted her oldest sister, Tabitha, who had spent many an afternoon at our house on Ocoee Street. I persuaded Mother to tell me again about her sister's childlike faith and about her praying out loud.

I was remembering Bert's version of the time our aunt Tabitha was rocking back and forth near the fireplace in the upstairs living room. Bert was over at the desk catching up on some studies, when suddenly the meditative little old lady shouted, "Glory be to God!" When she saw how she'd startled Bert, she apologized for her outburst.

"Honey, I am thinking how precious God is to our souls and how much I love Him."



Tabitha Gee Letherwood

Mother had had great love for sister Tabitha and launched easily into the familiar account of her prayerfulness.

"Your aunt Tabitha was surely as good a Christian as ever lived. Whenever she suffered severe attacks of illness, she would talk the matter over with God in that audible and intimate way, begging to be allowed to serve Him on earth a little longer.

"Once her 'bargain' had to do with the miners of Attalla, Alabama, whom she had pitied and befriended. 'Dear Lord,' she would say, 'I'll go and talk to those poor men. They won't go to church because they can't abide bein' scolded. Let me get well, so I can tell them how You love them and watch over them night and day.'

"Later she outlined another reason for God's prolonging her life. 'Just let me live long enough,' she begged, 'to get my children grown and settled in life. Then I'll be willing to go.'

"When the Second World War began and her seven grandsons were destined for service overseas, Aunt Tabitha sank to her knees once more and sobbed, 'Lord, I'm backin' out on my promise to you. Let me stay on earth until my grandsons come home.'

When the seven boys came back safe and sound, Aunt Tabitha's thanksgiving was eloquent, if slangy. 'Now, ain't that sumpn!' she sighed, and lived on to enjoy seven more birthdays and marvel at the ways of God."

John M. Gee

When we came to the picture of Mother's own brother John, she couldn't resist telling the joke about his vain ways when he was getting ready for a date. He curried his horse, rubbed him down, saddled him, and hitched him to the gate post. After dressing in his best suit of clothes, he stood before the mirror, slicking down his hair, twisting his mustache, shrugging his shoulders for various effects, arranging and rearranging his pants legs. His ninety-two year old Grandmother Childress who had been watching him from her sick bed finally grew impatient with his primping. "John," she said, "you be sure to bring your horse in here, before you go, to let him see his self."

Mother had just as lively a collection of revealing anecdotes about Dad's folks. Probably the most amusing is the one about his mother's sister, Mary.

"Grandmother Rymer used to fold up with laughter when she told us about our Aunt Mary Mitchell," said Mother. "Besides having a bump of curiosity, Aunt Mary must have been a most persistent woman. There wasn't a member of her family could ever keep a secret from her, though Bradford's mother did say that if they cautioned her not to tell, she wouldn't. She never missed a Saturday at the general store, or the post office — either one as good as a quilting party for picking up scraps and piecing fragments together.

Mary Mitchell Goins

"The story goes that one Saturday morning in June as Aunt Mary lingered over her purchase of calico for aprons, she just casually asked the clerk if the Goforth family hadn't been buying quite a lot of yard goods lately. Before Nellie could reply, in chimed another buyer, Mrs. Kain. 'Didn't you know?' she began, abandoning her own trading to join Aunt Mary. 'I thought you could guess the answer to that. Why, Lizzie's going to be married. Everybody's talking about a Goforth marrying an Eaststep.'

"Aunt Mary fingered the calico critically, 'Oh, that so? Well, when's wedding?'

'That,' said Mrs. Kain, 'is a secret. We think, though, from the way they were sweeping out the yard this morning, that it will be Sunday. It's sure to be here in the church in Rock Creek, no other minister is handy. But when — what time, I mean; that's a secret. She seems to want to surprise all us folks, but we're all a-guessing.'

"Now Aunt Mary was exceptionally good at the guessing game, but she never left anything to chance. Early Sunday morning, dressed in her best, she was the first one to enter the church when the doors were opened, stepping briskly so that she could occupy the seat of her choice. The bench was long and hard, but her view of the doorway was perfect; and besides, she could forget her backache as she scrutin-

ized every man, woman, and child who filed into the little church-house. She did have a kind of a 'battle of the brows' with the late-comer who wanted to nudge into her place on the aisle, but she refused to budge.

"Finally the minister, Rev. M. C. Higdon, entered and started the service. The congregation sang 'Faith of Our Fathers' and 'Abide With Me', and 'Uncle Mike' Higdon preached his sermon; Aunt Mary's curiosity rose to the breaking point. Still no commotion at the door — nothing to indicate a wedding party.

"Then came the hour of prayer. Solemnly every head bowed — every head but one, that is — as the preacher's voice began, 'O Lord, let the light of Thy countenance shine upon us as we worship here.' Aunt Mary's eyes and ears were on the door.

"At the climax of the closing prayer, her perseverance was rewarded. The doors were thrown open and in walked the smiling groom and his bride-to-be, satisfied that they had really surprised the Rock Creek congregation.

"With a sigh of relief, Aunt Mary eased her neck around to limber it up after the strain of that sharp look-out; then she lowered her eyes devoutly. The irritated woman who had tried to steal the aisle seat wasn't deceived, though. For she cornered Aunt Mary right after the meeting. 'Why didn't you have your head down instead of looking toward the door when the preacher said, 'Let us pray?' she snapped. 'Oh,' answered Aunt Mary, 'the Bible says, 'Watch and pray.' But 'Watch' comes first."

Pleasant gathering after services, Greasey Creek Church House, July 26, 1902

DAD AT 55

Dad's Work

Dixie Products, Inc., was founded by my father, S. Bradford Rymer, in 1916, when it began its production life as a small casting foundry along the southeastern edge of Cleveland, Tennessee. By 1959, it had developed into one of the nation's leading stove manufacturing plants.

Although it has been family owned, and, operated since 1933, in its early days other associate owners and backers were involved in its development. Foremost among them was Mr. J. C. McKenzie, an experienced foundryman. It was he who approached my father and succeeded in interesting him in furnishing capital for the initial venture, the building of a small casting foundry for the making of hollowware.

Dad had gained some capital through the operation of the Cleveland Coal and Feed Company which he and his brother had formed in 1907. He was able, therefore, to buy a tract of two acres, part of the present site of Dixie Products, Inc. There Mr. McKenzie supervised the building of the foundry, a tin-roofed room, sixty by sixty feet, equipped with a small cupola for melting iron ore and pouring molds for castings. His sudden death in October 1916, just when the equipment was all set for molding operations, left Dad stranded, his capital invested in machinery he was unprepared to operate.

After a few months he sought out the managers of the Hank Stove and Range Company of Rome, Georgia, during an interim of labor troubles in their own company, and persuaded them to rent the building. Using their own patterns of hollowware for kettles, spiders, and deep ovens, the workers drew the first heat in the little plant on July 16, 1917. At the end of the rental period, before Mr. Hank returned to Rome, Dad bought his patterns for hollowware and ventured into the work that was to absorb a lifetime of vigilance and energy.

In order to begin production promptly, he hurried to Birmingham, Alabama, to buy supplies in that great southern iron and steel center. Then he quickly set about planning to market the foundry's products by issuing, late that year, Dixie Foundry's first catalog. Its first advertisement read:

DIXIE FOUNDRY CO.

Manufacturers of Plain-Stove Hollowware
Country Hollowware, Sugar Kettles, Wash Pots, Grates

Cleveland, Tenn.

Although orders came in quickly by mail and a salesman visited new areas, the little foundry, operating on limited capital, had its hard times. New capital was secured through John and James O'Neal, and Oscar Brown. Later, when my father purchased their interests, he diverted more capital from his other ventures and continued to develop the foundry.

The year 1919 marked a milestone for him. It was in that year Dixie Foundry produced its first Cannon Heater, a highly marketable product; and a nationwide depression hit the economy with full force. His memories after forty years were still vivid and poignant. He reminded me that World War I, the "People's War," had upset the whole country and, as President Wilson warned, few could expect to remain untouched by it. Nine and a half million men had to register; army camps were hastily constructed and equipped; and able-bodied men were allocated to industry or to the fighting front. On account of the mechanized aspects of the war, home front production was raised to unprecedented heights. Even little Dixie Foundry stepped up its output of heaters, adding new models for immediate use, and, later when peacetime came, these models were retained and advertised for "stores, offices, schools and warehouses."

During the war period there emerged the War Industries Board with power to centralize and control industry in the interest of war and civilian needs. Then a great pioneer step followed with the creation of the War Labor Policies Board, which was empowered to act on disputes between labor and management. Ultimately, labor was guaranteed the right to organize unions and to bargain collectively. It was then the steady march of unskilled workers into industry began.

The South had a surplus of unskilled laborers available most of the time. When their influx into Dixie began, Dad saw to their training. Conditioned by mountain life, he was an early riser. Fortified by an ample breakfast Mother prepared each morning, he walked briskly to the plant to meet the challenge of that day. His employees became aware what his mood was by the way he wore his hat. If he walked through the shop with his hat pushed back on his head and a dip of Brutons, they knew everything was all right and he was 'rarin' to go. But if his hat was pulled over his eyes, they knew something was wrong and they'd better be on their toes.

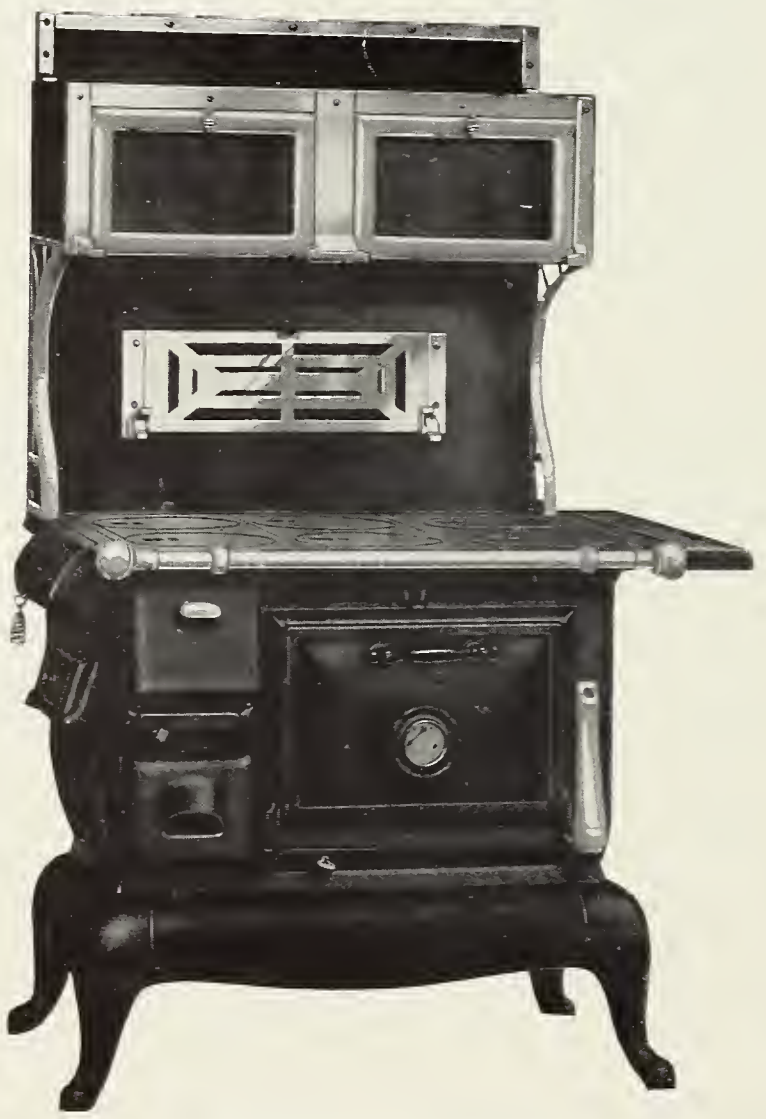
As the South advanced industrially all was not smooth sailing. However, problems of management and labor that had been solved in the North furnished the South with a preview of their future conflicts and possible solutions. With World War I over, reconversion of industry to peacetime production brought its headaches. With inflation entering the picture, inevitably there occurred in 1919-1920, a depression so severe, it affected labor adversely, agriculture felt it deeply, and the ensuing high cost of living caused a buyers' strike. Five or six million wage earners were soon unemployed and wages declined.

It was then Dad had the foresight to produce a cookstove. He expanded Dixie Foundry's facilities to be ready for equipping new homes that must be established, he said, as the postwar economic conditions became stabilized. The new cookstove was called the DIXIE LARINE* and was featured in the new 1921 catalog. Dixie then began the line of manufacture for which it is known today. I quote its description:

> **DIXIE LARINE COOKSTOVE: Gray and blue enamel, with high closet, square, polished top. Could be procured in altered models, tea shelf, reservoir, much nickel plate used for trim.**

The LARINE proved to be a popular item. In order to step up production, an expansion program was undertaken at Dixie. In the early twenties Grover C. Brown joined the company. But before the expansion was assured, my father was confronted with many financial problems, which were ultimately solved in the era of prosperity — the next ten years.

*LARINE — Derived from — (ZoLA MaRINE)



"DIXIE LARINE"

The
RANGE
THAT SATISFIES

This is a Dixie ad of 1923

In the middle twenties LeRoy went to work at Dixie Foundry. During the next few years he learned the production side of the business step-by-step, preparatory to assisting in management. A little later Marvin started to work in the crating department, progressing to distribution and sales where he found his forte. How pleased Dad was when he found himself ably assisted by his two hard-working young sons.

Two large modern buildings were added to the plant. When the Old Range Building, now the Enamel Department, neared completion, disaster hit in the form of a fire on February 6, 1929. Although it dealt a blow of major proportions to the company, my father rallied his forces and at once set about rebuilding. So modern were the new structures, the same ones are used today.

Despite the prosperity achieved in the decade of the twenties, the turbulent spirit of the postwar period had a far-reaching effect. Industry began to introduce new engineering techniques. New efficiency of labor and more fluid capital through improved transportation did much to help the industrial revolution advance in southern areas. No longer was all the raw material of the South shipped to the North for processing and then returned to the South to be sold as finished products. Rather, with plentiful water power available, raw materials in abundance, labor in surplus, the industrial revolution arrived in the South about twenty years after it did in the North. With it there were developed expanding regional retail markets. In each aspect of this Dixie was involved.

Wages advanced faster than prices. Except for a brief recession from 1924 to 1927, the economy of industry progressed. Economists made efforts to circumvent another depression. Stabilization could not be maintained, and the long cycle in which prosperity and depression alternated continued in effect. World War I tax burdens, unprecedented armament costs, tariff barriers, and agricultural decline all led, in 1929, to the tremendous economic crash. Peril of the stock market was in part due to inadequate banking control. The decline in the market led to its collapse and President Hoover warned heavy liquidation and severe unemployment were inevitable. The crisis deepened. The Bank Holiday followed the inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Dixie was affected by all this, of course.

Dixie Foundry was incorporated in 1932. The following year two of its original incorporators, Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. Brown, sold their stock to my father. So it was in 1933 he became the sole owner of Dixie Foundry, Inc.

My father seldom let a day pass when he did not at least walk through each department of the plant. He enjoyed talking with the employees. He knew their families and often their personal problems. He observed their work and expressed his appreciation for fine skills and thoroughness. Steadfastness and reliability were two traits he prized. Dad never lost his concern for the fine and responsible employees who worked with him in those early days of struggle. He often spoke fondly of them. It was during World War II that women were employed in production at Dixie for the first time. He was impressed with their competence and retained them. Today many women work at Dixie and are among its most valued employees.

Dixie Employees of 1934

Y, JULY 18, 1939

Here and There . . .

By SHEENY WHITE

A GOOD WATCHMAN

DAD EAVERLY is night watchman at the new hosiery mill building on Edwards street. Dad had strict orders from Grover C. Lee, contractor, not to let anyone go on the premises.

WHITE

Sunday was a big day for curious people who came to look at the new building. Among those who tried to enter the building was S. B. Rymer, Sr. As he started into the building, which is expected to be completed within the next two weeks, he was stopped by Dad Eaverly.

"You can't go into the building," he said, "I have strict orders from Grover Lee not to let anyone go in there."

My Rymer looked at the old timer and asked him, "Why can't I go into my own building?" Mr. Brad started on in. But he was stopped a second time by Dad. "You can't go into the building, not even if you owned the place." (Dad didn't know Mr. Rymer from Adam). "But I tell you I do own the place," Rymer said, growing impatient with the watchman.

Mr. Rymer was not permitted to enter into his own building until Lake Fields, local plumber, identified him and satisfied Dad's mind that he was the owner of the building. When Mr. Rymer was allowed to pass on he looked at Lake and winked and said, "I wish I had more watchmen just like Dad."

Appeared in Cleveland Daily Banner
July 18, 1939

Employees receive hams for Christmas 1934

Christmas party for employees and families 1958

Each employee received a ham at Christmas time in Dixie's early life; now each employee and his family are guests of management at a dinner and he receives a Christmas check.

In 1937, notwithstanding regular advances in the wage scale, Cleveland's heavy industries, at last, found their employees out on strike. After many months of negotiations the plants, that had been idle, again operated full tilt. Dixie has always attempted to give its employees more than they would have received under a union contract, and for this reason, Dixie has had a pleasant and progressive labor-management relationship.

Dad retained his love of nature all his life. During one of the expansion-building projects, a reservoir was built and a pool constructed and stocked with rainbow trout. He could be seen feeding the fish and delighting in their growth. (On vacation in Coral Gables he enjoyed deep-sea fishing.)

Landing tarpon
Everglades, Florida
April 1939

Marvin LeRoy Dad Robert S. B., Jr. Sept. 16, 1938

Aerial view Dixie Products, Inc.
Cleveland, Tennessee 1954

Sales Personnel
Meeting 1955

During the forties and fifties Dixie flourished. Notable expansion took place in 1945, 1946, 1952 and 1959. My younger brothers, S. B., Jr., and Robert, showed their propensity for the plant. It pleased Dad considerably that their training at Georgia School of Technology and Vanderbilt University would equip them for industrial management and business administration. These fields of specialization Dixie could use advantageously to keep abreast modern trends.

Magic Chef Plant
Franklin, Tenn.

DIXIE BUYS
MAGIC CHEF 1958
S. B. Rymer Jr., signs. LeRoy Rymer, Robert Rymer, H. L. Dethero, Marvin J. Rymer (absent), Dixie officials, and Cecil M. Dunn of Magic Chef, witness.

S. B. RYMER
Founder
Chairman of
the Board

Dixie Products, Inc.
1916 — 1959

S. B. RYMER, JR.
President

MARVIN J. RYMER
Vice President

LeROY RYMER
Vice President

ROBERT E. RYMER
Secretary-Treasurer

H. L. DETHERO
Vice President, Sales
Magic Chef

Dad, Chairman of the Board since 1950, in his new office, November 1952

Although gas ranges had been manufactured by Dixie since 1929, it was in 1949 that the Modern Gas Range Line was marketed and the production of coal and wood ranges and heaters was discontinued. Since 1954, electric ranges have been produced and, with the acquisition of Magic Chef in 1958, great strides in production and sales seem imminent. New markets and display centers have been added to the ones in Chicago, Dallas, Louisville, and Atlanta. Similarly, foreign markets have grown and extended. Several subsidiaries* have been added.

*1959 list appended

Using prized cane, gift of employees, Dec. 23, 1953

Birthday surprise from office employees
Adele Arthur assisting — October 22, 1958

It has been a source of gratification to Dad that Dixie's management will be in the hands of his sons and his life-work will be carried on through them. Dad retired in 1950 to become chairman of the board of directors of Dixie Products, Inc. His secretary, Adele Arthur, continued to handle the details of his newly created office with her usual competence. It was from this office Dad observed and counseled his sons at work. His namesake, S. B., Jr., became the new president; Robert, secretary-treasurer; LeRoy and Marvin continued as vice presidents. Mother has also been a vice president for many years. My sisters, Ruth Rymer Dethero, Roberta Rymer Keyes, and I have become members of the board of directors.

In no way is this account of my father's work meant to be a survey of Dixie Products, Inc. I simply want to show what happened to Dad as the years passed and to the initial ten dollars with which he arrived in Cleveland in 1904; how out of his energies came the industry which grew into "Dixie".

DIXIE PRODUCTS, INC.

Officers

Chairman of Board	LeRoy Rymer
President	S. B. Rymer, Jr.
Vice President	Mrs. S. B. Rymer
First Vice President	Marvin Rymer
Secretary and Treasurer	Robert Rymer

Directors

LeRoy Rymer	Marvin Rymer	Mrs. Ruth Rymer Dethero
S. B. Rymer, Jr.	Robert Rymer	Mrs. Roberta Rymer Keyes
Mrs. S. B. Rymer	Mrs. Zola Rymer Graf	Francis Shackelford

DIXIE INDUSTRIES

Founded — August, 1950

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Officers

President	J. B. Gillespie
Vice President	LeRoy Rymer
Vice President	Robert Rymer
Secretary and Treasurer	S. B. Rymer, Jr.

Directors

J. B. Gillespie	Robert Rymer	Marvin Rymer
LeRoy Rymer	S. B. Rymer, Jr.	H. L. Dethero

DIXIE-NARCO, INC.

Founded — June, 1957

RANSON, WEST VIRGINIA

Officers

Chairman of Board	S. B. Rymer, Jr.
President	Carl A. Navarre
Vice President and General Manager	Roy S. Steeley
Secretary and Treasurer	Jack W. Thompson

Directors

S. B. Rymer, Jr.	Roy S. Steeley	LeRoy Rymer
Carl A. Navarre		Marvin Rymer

COCINAS DIXIE DE VENEZUELA C. A.

Founded — July 4, 1957

CARACAS, VENEZUELA

Officers

President	Augustus D. Adair
Vice President	S. B. Rymer, Jr.
Secretary	Francis Shackelford
Assistant Secretary	Thomas L. Hughes

Directors

Augustus D. Adair	S. B. Rymer, Jr.	Francis Shackelford

Alternate Directors

Mrs. Mary McConnell Adair	Manuel R. Angulo	Thomas L. Hughes

MAGIC CHEF

Bought by Dixie — October 1, 1958

CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

Officers

Chairman of Board	LeRoy Rymer
President	S. B. Rymer, Jr.
Vice President	Mrs. S. B. Rymer
Vice President	Marvin Rymer
Vice President in Charge of Sales	H. L. Dethero
Secretary and Treasurer	Robert Rymer

Directors

LeRoy Rymer	Marvin Rymer	Mrs. Ruth Rymer Dethero
S. B. Rymer, Jr.	Robert Rymer	Mrs. Roberta Rymer Keyes
Mrs. S. B. Rymer	Mrs. Zola Rymer Graf	Francis Shackelford

The Rymer Foundation

by

W. B. Parks, Managing Director

The Rymer family has for a long time been deeply interested in education and church life. Mr. S. B. Rymer, Sr., and Mrs. Rymer have been devoted to every interest of their church, and have given aid and encouragement to civic and educational undertakings. With this background it is only natural that matters of this sort should intrude into family discussions in the regular periodic family conferences. As the family business grew and prospered, there were more means available with which to give support to the interests which had long been the source of much of their satisfaction in life.

Early in 1953 the family was casting about for some means of systematic sharing with the people of their community some of the blessings that had come to them. After much discussion and thought, it was decided that a foundation should be set up to give support to education and civic enterprises. It was then the hope of the family that they could organize a plan by which worthy boys and girls with intellectual capacity and ambition could be helped in their efforts for a college education.

On June 12, 1953, a charter was signed by the Secretary of the State of Tennessee setting up the Dixie Foundation, named in honor of the main family business, Dixie Products, Inc. The charter provided that the Foundation should be strictly a non-profit corporation with the purpose, as set forth in the charter, of giving support to educational, religious and cultural enterprises.

Dixie Products, Inc., set aside a portion of their earnings to finance the Foundation. The first check was issued by Dixie Products, Inc., to the Foundation June 17, 1953, in the amount of $20,000. The Rymer family constituted the directorate of the Foundation, each paying annual dues. W. B. Parks of Cleveland, Tennessee, was asked

to assume the duties of managing director; to act for the Foundation when authorized by the directors in the disbursement of funds for the purposes set forth in the charter. One of the first acts of the newly formed corporation was to award two scholarships to the University of Tennessee, one to Tennessee Wesleyan College and one to Carson and Newman College. These first four scholarships account for two mechanical engineers, one industrial engineer and a teacher. They were more or less a trial run, and the results gave abundant assurance that such scholarships constitute a real investment in young manhood and womanhood.

Scholarships are awarded by the Foundation without sectarian or racial considerations. There is no obligation on the part of the beneficiaries except that they meet ordinary standards of decency, show ambition and a will to work, show promise of becoming creditable citizens. They are free to select their place and type of employment. In no sense are they obligated to become employees of Dixie Products, Inc. They are under no obligation to repay to the Dixie Products or the Foundation any money received by them through these scholarships. The directors of the Foundation believe that an educated man or woman of good character is a national asset.

Scholarships are awarded with great care. The Foundation is not interested in helping students who have at home resources sufficient to support them in their quest for an education. It would also be a waste of time and money to give aid to a student not qualified to meet college and university requirements.

Since the beginning in 1953, the Foundation has given aid through scholarships to forty-seven young men and women. Many of them have already graduated and have found their places in the nation's business and professional ranks. They include engineers,

teachers, ministers, scientists and business people, as well as housewives. So far the Foundation has every reason to be proud of the products of its efforts.

The Foundation gives support to many worthwhile undertakings in Cleveland as well as in other places. The Junior Achievement, Inc., is one youth program the Foundation has supported since its beginning. It has for the six years of its existence been the largest contributor to the Cleveland Community Chest. It has given liberal support to high school student activities of a really worthy type. Recently it made an appropriation of $25,000 to Asbury Acres, a Methodist Church undertaking, to provide a home for the aged. It has given liberal support to the Cleveland Young Men's Christian Association. It has given financial support to the Chattanooga Area Council of Boy Scouts. The over-all program is broad, seeking only to promote the best in community and civic life.

Young though the Foundation is, it has abundantly vindicated the faith of its founders. As its accomplishments accumulate, the community, state and nation will be richer for its having existed. It has already, and will continue to open the doors to a new and better life for young people. Many have already received and countless others will receive the little bit of help that will enable them to realize the dreams and aspirations of youth. Youth is, and will continue to be, the nation's most valuable resource.

On December 20, 1955, the charter of incorporation was amended, changing the name of the Foundation to the Rymer Foundation. Thus it will stand throughout the years as a monument to the vision and unselfish devotion to humanity of Mr. S. B. Rymer, Sr., and his family.

February, 1959

Poinsettias for Christmas 1951

Mother's Garden

In the spring of 1920, Mother planted her first flower garden. In no time at all, her carefully-planned rock garden and pool brilliant with water lilies and lotus blossoms seemed to belong there. A year-round delight, with blooms from early spring to late fall, it presented one variety of flower after another — a succession of buds and tendrils to watch for, and armfuls of fragrant beauties to arrange in bouquets.

The first greenhouse, built a number of years later, provided the conditions Mother needed for cultivating Florida poinsettias, especially the white ones so difficult to grow. In time her choice plants increased to include gardenias, hibiscus, and bougainvillea. Eventually the multiple seedlings demanded a second greenhouse, and there Mother was able to cultivate orchids. These grew so abundantly that soon there were many blossoms on each plant. Anthurium and Bird of Paradise are only two of the many varieties of flowers that are flourishing currently.

In their love of church and knowledge of flowers, Mother and Grace have a common bond. Together each Sunday morning, they

1941

Lotus blossoms 1941

make beautiful floral arrangements for the altar. Also sharing in the beauty of Mother's garden are hospital patients, sick friends and various women's organizations. Even the prom-going granddaughter who wants a gardenia for her hair knows Mother's generous heart as well as the supply of rare blooms in her conservatory. As for the family, there is a flower for every occasion and color scheme.

Mother considers her gardening a parallel vocation, and her deft fingers and beauty-loving soul have created for her a world of interests. The day she was hostess at tea for the first Christmas pilgrimage of the Garden Club in 1951, her table was radiant with home-grown poinsettias. When, in the spring of 1953, Grace persuaded Mother to submit one of her plants to the summer flower show sponsored by the Cleveland Garden Club, she chose the snow-white blossoms of the gloxinia. With them she captured first prize in the horticulture division and because of first prizes on other entries, she also received the tri-color for having merited the largest number of blue ribbons.

Mother's interest in flowers has grown with the years, bringing much satisfaction to her and happiness to others.

MY FLOWERS

Early in the morning into the garden I go
To watch my lovely flowers grow.
The dew drops sparkle; the tulips nod,
The crocus peeks above the sod.
For this earth so good and free,
For flowers He gives to you and me —
I give my thanks to God.

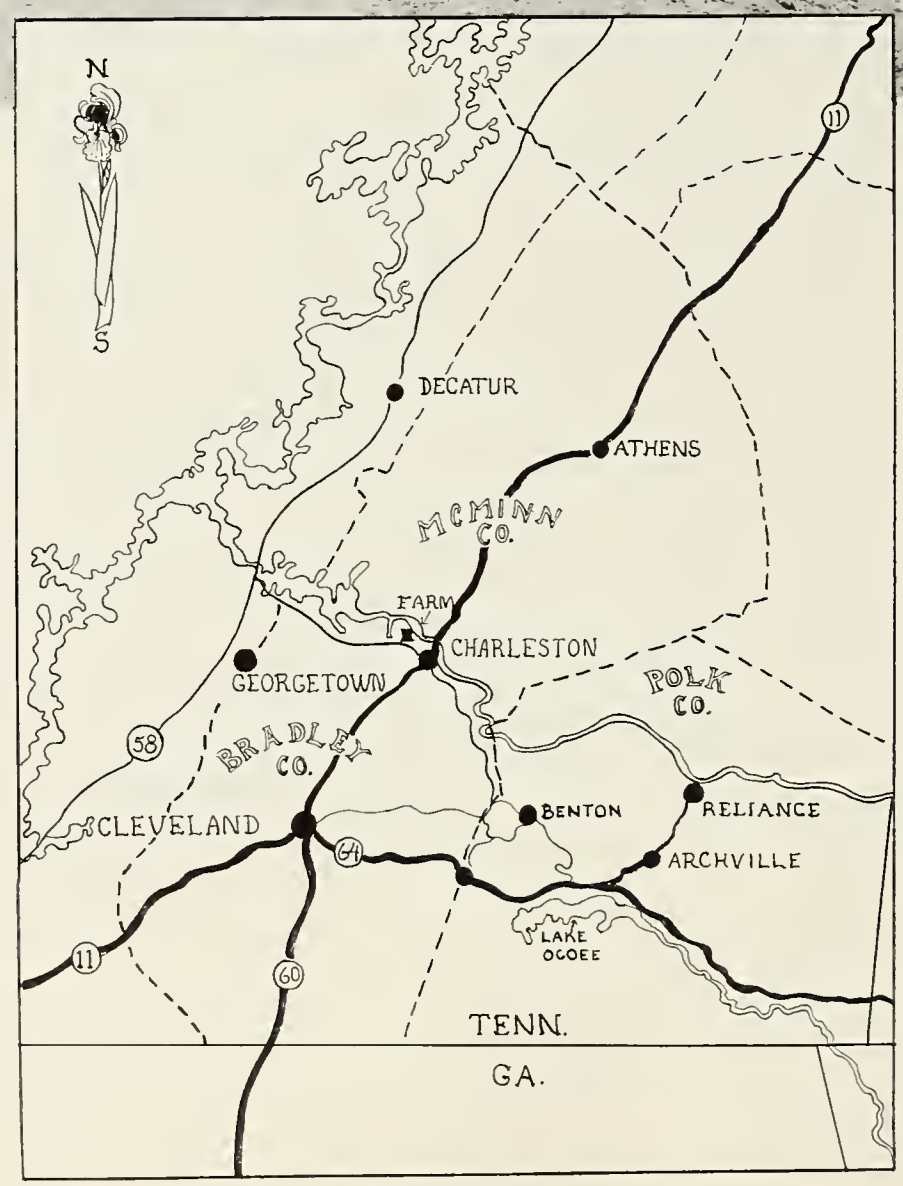
I go on down the garden walk,
Listening to the birds' sweet talk.
They speak my thoughts; I hear them say
"Yes, this is a beautiful day."
I look up to the skies so blue,
And feel again God's love so true.

It gives me such a wonderful thrill
To admire their beauty silent and still,
To stir the soil as if making a cake;
I do this for the flowers' sake.
Because God gives the sun and rain
They blossom over and over again —
Lovely bouquets to make.

I step into my greenhouse sweet and clean,
Fragrant with lilies white and green.
Orchids glow — the softest shade,
Poinsettias make a gay parade.
God's love is here, God's love and care;
God's beautiful flowers are my guiding light
I know God's love is right.

Each day I work from morning till noon;
The hours pass all too soon.
I want to work the livelong day;
If only I had the strength to stay.
I stop with a sigh; I laugh with glee,
And wonder why. God is so good to me.

July, 1955 —*Clara LaDosky Rymer*


N
S
DECATUR
ATHENS
McMINN CO.
FARM
CHARLESTON
GEORGETOWN
POLK CO.
BRADLEY CO.
58
CLEVELAND
BENTON
RELIANCE
ARCHVILLE
64
LAKE OCOEE
11
60
TENN.
GA.

The Farm

Dad was a farm boy from the start, but after the unfortunate experience in Oklahoma, he turned to business to support his family. However, his love of the land and his interest in crops and stock never left him; so, on November 11, 1926, he again bought a farm as a partially self-supporting hobby. The original farm consisted of four hundred fifty acres; other adjoining smaller farms were added in 1929, and in 1936. Stretching along the Hiwassee River, two and a half miles from Charleston on the Lower River Road (which connects No. 11 Federal Highway with No. 58 State Highway), it was to become for Dad a haven of tranquility.

The main farmhouse is on the crest of the hill. Here Dad would sit by the hour gazing out over the river-bottoms, beautiful

at every season of the year, admiring the freshly-plowed fields of purple-hued alfalfa or young, growing corn. Sometimes he let his little black Ford carry him over gullies of newly-cleared upland, or down through the river-bottom from whence he could head in any direction. In summer he watched the men cut and bale hay, and load it on the trucks right there in the field.

In the farm's earlier years a dairy herd was pastured here, but more recently thoroughbred Hereford cattle have fattened on the grassy knolls. Down on the river there used to be a small dock where Dad kept an outboard motor and boat which we children had given him one Christmas. He loved to spend occasional summer afternoons trolling for catfish.

Marvin tells this tale about Dad's feeling for birds on the farm. It was hunting season, and the two of them were near a covey on the hill beyond the farmhouse. At Dad's quiet urging, Marvin made several tries without bringing down a single quail. "Now it's your turn, Dad," he challenged. Dad shook his head. "Oh, no. I might kill one of my birds." Everything associated with this River Farm was dear to Dad's heart. It was not the most picturesque, nor the closest to home, but it had always given him the most pleasure and satisfaction.

During the course of time Dad purchased two farms elsewhere in Bradley County. The one at Georgetown consisted of bluegrass pasture for the Herefords. The other, known as the McIntire Farm, near Cleveland on the Peerless Road, produced corn and pastured cattle. In 1955 the family gave Dad a "white face" steer for Christmas. Since we couldn't get our gift under the Christmas tree, the family en masse accompanied Dad to the McIntire barn to shout "Merry

Christmas!" The farm, sold in 1956 to the Cherokee Development Corporation, is at present a new residential subdivision.

With clockwork regularity our phone rang at six-thirty in the morning for many years. Everyone knew it would be the tenants on the River Farm calling to discuss the work for the day. The weather fourteen miles away determined whether they would plow, sow seed, clean fence rows or repair machinery.

Dad was deeply attached to the tenant families. They came to see him frequently, more often to visit than to discuss farm business. They knew they were welcome, seated as they were in the upstairs living room, at the dining room table, or wherever the members of the family were gathered.

Dad especially enjoyed fattening a pig or steer for family use. In the late thirties, near the back door of our home, he built a smokehouse — a circular brick structure with a conical ceiling designed to release the smoke. Every fall hams and side bacon were cured with hickory wood and we would all clamor for Dad's homemade sausage. So spicy it bit your tongue, there was nothing like it! During the Second World War, Dad's smokehouse proved to be more than just a whim. The animals were slaughtered, the meat cured, and hampers of roasts and sausage were sent as far afield as Dunkirk and Miami to supplement our ration cards.

Though the farms started out as an economical project, when Dad became less active at the plant, his interests turned even more to his farming. He had as great an interest in a new piece of farm machinery as in a modern piece of equipment installed at the plant. He even had farm letterhead stationery made and loved using it.

These days were a far cry from the rocky unproductive farm on Greasey Creek and the Oklahoma homestead, but as Dad's life came full-circle, a farm was an integral part of all his years.

Family Sketches

Sometime between romper days at home and our own parenthood, we Rymer children felt that we had gained insight into the reasons for Mother's mingled joy and exasperation over the years and for Dad's prophecies about our wider possibilities. Nevertheless, when my brothers and sisters contributed information about themselves for these minute biographies, they implied, in one way or another, that having to take a reflective backward glance gave them a much deeper perception of our parents' years of unmeasured giving. These sketches, then, recording the trifles and triumphs of each of us, should show something of the influence of that privileged family-world into which we were born.

Zola Rymer Graf

It was fortunate for me that my parents bought a winter home in Coral Gables, Florida, in 1937, and gave me the opportunity of spending the season there with Ruth. Kitty went off to school with a flurry of new friends, and I was able to divert my personal concerns by managing Mother's household affairs and enjoying moments of relaxation with Ruth. My visit was gradually extended and became a five-year interval of complete change.

Through Florida friends, Mrs. Edward Toomey and Mrs. Cameron Smith, I met Lester Graf of Dunkirk, New York. We were married April 29, 1943, in my parents' home in Cleveland, by the Reverend Marvin S. Kincheloe, pastor of the Broad Street Methodist Church. Kathryne R. Stanbery (Kitty), Elizabeth Anne Graf, and LeRoy Rymer were our attendants. Lester — whose first wife, Esther Seabrooke, had died — had two children, Elizabeth Anne, eleven, and Lester George (Jack), eight. I had been divorced from Harry Stanbery for many years and my daughter Kitty was eighteen. Upon acquaintance our children proved congenial; our marriage was happy from the beginning and has continued to be that way.

Lester, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Graf, longtime residents of Dunkirk, was engaged in the retail furniture business. He officially entered George H. Graf & Company, Incorporated, in July 1929, after earning his master's degree from the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Since the death of his parents, Lester has been the sole owner and manager of the firm and serves in like capacity the G. H. Graf Realty Corporation.

Jack Graf, serving in the army since October 1958, followed his father, education-wise, from Dunkirk High School to Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania; belonged to the same fraternity, Phi Delta Theta; and earned the bachelor of arts degree. He has since completed a year of study at Cornell Law School.

Each summer we try to spend part of August in Algonquin Park in Canada. There Lester and Jack enjoy to the utmost their great love for the outdoors, fishing, swimming, and boating. I share in some of the fun-time activity, prepare hearty meals to satisfy our pepped-up appetites, and revel in the chance to read and write.

It was while living in Cleveland and on the farm near Charleston, Tennessee, several years before I went to Coral Gables, that I be-

came aware of the widening scope of my interests. I had attended Centenary College, graduated from Bradley High School in 1923, and, at Martha Washington Junior College in Abingdon, Virginia, had specialized in domestic arts, painting, and music. By 1954 with increased leisure time, I started to map out for myself a reading and study program. The initial guidance I needed came from a neighbor and friend, a former college teacher, Miss Eileen Mulholland*, with whom I had many conferences. These were of inestimable value to me and out of them grew my desire to write.

We've been civic-minded, judged by Lester's affiliations — director of Dunkirk Trust Company, trustee of First Methodist Church and of Allegheny College, past-president of the local Kiwanis, vice president of the New York State Council of Retail Merchants, member of the hospital board, YMCA executive board, Chamber of Commerce, Shriners, Shorewood Country Club, and the Coast Guard Auxiliary. I've served on Girl Scout, Civil Defense, and Red Cross blood bank committees. These are secondary always, though, to the claims of home, our business and pleasure trips, my Tennessee visits, and, more recently, to this satisfying work of mine — the compiling of our memoirs.

My two daughters, Kitty and Betty Anne, are married, have established homes and, at my request, have contributed the following sketches.

* * *

When I buckled down to work at Syracuse University in September 1943, I was experiencing a dream come true. I had always wished to attend a northern co-educational college, and, unwittingly, Mother made it convenient for me to do so when she married Lester Graf in the spring before my high school graduation, and moved to his home state, New York. For me, our new family, home, and environment were to be a cordon of security; and at the university, my continued study of the classic dance was a stabilizing channel for my interests.

It was our moving to Florida when I was eleven years old that caused the first of my transfers from one school to another. My secondary school days were divided among Miss Harris' School for Girls, Ponce de Leon High School, and the Washington Seminary in Atlanta, Georgia. Out of the maze of disconnected courses, I re-

*Deceased June 1958

member best of all my first dancing teacher, Miss Sarah Nevin (Mrs. Philip Lang); also the angelic Miss Harris, Mrs. E. W. Paisley of the seminary, and Viola Belasco of England, inspiring artist of the ballet.

Through most of my little-girl days, I had considered Papa Rymer's house in Cleveland my home. There I was born, there I spent much of my childhood; and there I returned from Coral Gables every summer. My best friend was then — and still is — Clyde Johnston Hodgkins (Mrs. Thomas Tate Tidwell). One of my first playmates was Clyde's cousin, James Morgan Johnston, Jr., son of James M. Johnston of Cleveland and Frances Minnish Johnston (Mrs. Clifton Atherton) of Louisville. His family had moved to Kentucky a few years before Mother and I went to Florida, and Jimmy returned almost every holiday, just as I did, for gay rounds of swimming, tennis and golf with our old crowd.

The interesting sequel to this was our romantic meeting at Clyde's wedding reception in June 1946. Jimmy, a member of Beta Theta Pi fraternity, had resumed his work at the University of North Carolina, after serving for three years with the combat engineers in the European and South Pacific theatres. I had just completed my junior year at Syracuse. We withheld the announcement of our engagement until the next April, when Jimmy had accepted a position with the Cleveland Casket Company and I had earned my bachelor of arts degree.

On September 3, 1947, in the Broad Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Papa Rymer gave me away. My matron of honor was Mrs. Tidwell; maid of honor, Betty Anne Graf; bridesmaids, Mrs. Glenn Abel, Misses Sarah Tucker Johnston (Mrs. Albert A. Stone, Jr.), Jane Woodin (Mrs. George Mallory), and Gladys Jameson Mrs. Hvamb); and best man, James M. Johnston. Dr. M. L. Gamble officiated.

For two and a half years we lived in town, absorbed in a multitude of interests. Jimmy was seldom without commitments with the Jaycees, American Legion, Elks, Investment Club, and has been president of Cleveland Golf and Country Club. I worked with the Red Cross, Women's Auxiliary, Junior Service Guild, Grey Ladies, and Women's Golf Association. At St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Jimmy served as vestryman and I taught Sunday School.

Meanwhile the joyful advent of our children caused us to concentrate more and more on family-centered activities. Kathryne, now

an earnest little Brownie, arrived in May 1950, the same week workmen started to break ground for our home five miles north of Cleveland. Jim III, quite the craftsman with model airplanes, was born on Easter Sunday in 1952. Tucker, our darling "Chinie", was born in October 1956. They're good companions now, old enough to appreciate their ever-varying menagerie of pets and to enjoy our occasional trips together.

The vantage point from our home high on the ridge gives us a wide view of the land on either side of Lee Highway. Since we settled here more than eight years ago, we've watched the whole area develop into wide-awake neighborhoods. The progress Jimmy and I have made is not so apparent other than Jimmy's becoming secretary and treasurer of the Cleveland Casket Company; but through the eyes of little Kathryne and Jim and Tucker, we have acquired a much broader view than our hilltop provides, a wonder-full view of life itself.

* * *

I was born in the midst of a snowstorm in December 1931, the first child of Lester and Esther Graf. My baby brother's arrival four years later is still very vivid — he was brought home in a big wicker washbasket and looked lost down in the middle of it. We were a very happy family until Christmas 1937. Mother became ill with pneumonia shortly before the holidays and on Christmas Day she died. Her gift to me that year was a Shirley Temple doll and it was carefully re-wrapped and put away.

During the next six years we lived under the guidance of a nurse whom we called "Dodo". Our summers were spent at Grandpa Graf's house on the lake and we were so happy there.

Several years later a number of letters began arriving for Daddy. They were always written on blue stationery and Jackie and I nicknamed the unknown writer "The Bluebird". We didn't understand why, at the time, but when we teased Daddy about "The Bluebird", he became quite uncomfortable! "Bluebird" soon turned out to be our new mother, and she came complete with an older sister for us. I know we must have been a handful for Mother, but the memories of the rest of my teens are of a normal family life.

We spent many exciting days with our new grandparents in Tennessee, learning that a "poke" was a paper bag, eating Papa Rymer's Wild Mountain honey-comb on our breakfast toast from the

covered compote in the middle of the table, and sleeping in the huge canopied bed that was so high we had to use a little ladder to get into it. No one could have been more fortunate in having a wonderful father pick such a devoted new mother, complete with a generous, fun-filled new family of relatives.

I attended Dunkirk High School, graduated in 1949, and the following fall entered Allegheny College in Meadville, Pennsylvania. My major was English Literature and I was a Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Allegheny is a small co-ed school and everyone knew everyone else. There was an attractive young man on campus named Pete Reininga who had never given me a tumble. But when Sadie Hawkins Week came 'round and it was proper for the girls to ask the boys for dates, I invited him to a movie. When Pete asked me out a week later, I knew he was only being polite, but when he kept asking for dates, I was in heaven. Pete is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Reininga of Western Springs, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. His favorite pastimes were baseball, hockey, and basketball; and his summers were spent working for the village and fixing up old cars.

He gave me his Phi Kappa Psi sweetheart pin in January 1953, and we graduated from Allegheny in June. The romance ran smoothly during the year Pete studied for his master's degree at the New York University School of Business Administration, and I learned to be useful at Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School at Boston.

We were married in Dunkirk, in the First Methodist Church by Reverend Arthur M. Crawford on August 28, 1954. We moved to Flint, Michigan, and during the three years we lived there, Pete was a division manager for Sears, Roebuck and Company.

In January of 1958, we moved to Dunkirk and Pete began working for George H. Graf and Company. Our twin sons, Dan and David, were born in November and since then our activities have revolved around the babies, our new house near Lake Erie, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Breeding pedigreed wire fox terriers is becoming quite a hobby with us.

Ours have been short lives in comparison with some of the others in this book. But we have had so much happiness in our first years together, and we have such high hopes for our boys, that we know all the future years will prove to be just as rewarding as those gone by.

CHRONOLOGY OF ZOLA MARINE RYMER GRAF

ZOLA MARINE RYMER — born June 13, 1903 to
Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford Rymer in Leota, Oklahoma

Central Grammar School 1919
Centenary College 1919-22
Bradley County High School 1923, graduated
Martha Washington Junior College, Abingdon, Virginia, 1923-24

Secretary of Geo. H. Graf & Co., Inc.
Secretary of G. H. Graf Realty Corp.

Director of Dixie Products, Inc. 1959

Married Harry Price Stanbery, June 18, 1924, Cleveland — Divorce 1936
(born December 14, 1899, Greenville, Tennessee)

Kathryne Rymer Stanbery — born April 14, 1925, Cleveland
Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia 1943, graduated
Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York 1943-47
Alpha Phi sorority
B. A. degree

Cotton Belle at Chattanooga Cotton Ball 1947

Married James Morgan Johnston, Jr., September 3, 1947, Cleveland
(born September 29, 1924, Cleveland)
Kathryne Rymer Johnston — born May 16, 1950, Cleveland
James Morgan Johnston III — born April 13, 1952, Cleveland
Thomas Tucker Johnston — born October 28, 1956, Cleveland

Commissioner of Girl Scouts, Bradley County Council 1949-50
Director Tennessee Women's Golf Association and
Cleveland Golf and Country Club

Married Lester Arlington Graf, April 29, 1943, Cleveland
(born November 22, 1904, Dunkirk, New York)
Married Esther Seabrooke, February 4, 1931, Dunkirk
(born June 4, 1908 — died December 25, 1937)

Elizabeth Anne Graf — born December 11, 1931, Buffalo
Married Perry Foster Reininga, August 28, 1954, Dunkirk
(born June 20, 1931, Oak Park, Illinois)
Daniel Perry Reininga — born November 17, 1958, Dunkirk
David Lester Reininga — born November 17, 1958, Dunkirk

Lester George Graf — born May 4, 1935, Buffalo

Knowlton's

THE LESTER A. GRAF FAMILY

Perry Foster Reininga Family (Elizabeth Anne holding David Lester, Perry holding Daniel Perry). James M. Johnston, Jr. Family (James Jr., Kathryne S., Kathryne R., James III, Thomas Tucker). Lester George, Lester Arlington, Zola Rymer

December 23, 1958

LeRoy Rymer

LeRoy was the first boy in the family, the one who assisted his father in the early days of the Dixie Foundry. Seasoning for his present position in the company began when he went to work there in 1927, about three years after his graduation from high school. Starting as a moulder, he earned promotion through each department while he learned every process of the stove business. Within seven years he became the general manager. Now, one of the oldest executives in years of service, he is vice president in charge of purchases.

A term in the engineering school of Kansas State Agricultural College in Manhattan, Kansas, preceded LeRoy's Dixie days. Thereafter, though the plant dominated his interests, he began to fill a dozen positions in service and sports organizations. Boy scouting and hunting trips with his dad led him straight to the Sportsmen's League and the Skeet Shooting Club for his adult recreation. He was elected in 1949 for a six year term to the Tennessee State Game and Fish Commission under Governor Gordon Browning, and served as chairman in 1954. During these years, LeRoy was also very active in the Tennessee Conservation League. Well known in Democratic political circles of the State, he was elected to the Tennessee Constitutional Convention in 1959, representing Bradley and Polk Counties. Probably his work as an official of the Cherokee Area Council of Boy Scouts has been his greatest satisfaction outside of the Dixie office.

While LeRoy was pouring shell patterns at the foundry back in the depression days of 1929, the girl he was to marry, Josephine Wandling Stuart, was applying for her first job, having reluctantly given up her studies at the University of Chattanooga, where she was a member of Chi Omega fraternity. They met at the time of Ruth's wedding and three years later set the date for their own. Because the Pearl Harbor attack intervened, only the two families were pre-

sent when Dr. T. E. F. Woods performed the ceremony on February 7, 1942. The bride's sister, Frances, was maid of honor and Marvin was best man. Josephine's mother, Frances Mustain Jeter Stuart, is a native of Columbus, Georgia, whose family owned the Warm Springs acreage. Her father, George Reed Stuart, came from a line of educators, preachers and missionaries, founders of Transylvania College in Lexington and Stuart's Female College in Shelbyville, Kentucky.

Until about five years ago, the Rymers lived in Cleveland where LeRoy, Jr., was born in May 1943. Now they are enjoying their newly built home in the Bradley County countryside, minutes from town and from the compact functional buildings of the Dixie plant. LeRoy, Jr., has explored on horseback the fields and forests of their hundred acres and has acquired enough taste for farm life to have raised pigs and turkeys successfully. He is a member of the 1960 graduating class of Tennessee Military Institute. Josephine's church work, community life, and garden club interests round out her busy days.

Of their shared experiences two stand out. When in the fall of 1951 the Bear, Boar and Deer Hunters Club, of which Roy is a charter member, invited Jonathan M. Wainwright to join one of their hunts in the Joyce Kilmer Forest in North Carolina, he was a dinner guest at the Rymer home. LeRoy, Jr., treasures the general's gift, an autographed copy of **Wainwright's Story.** The family's most unique trip together was the one by freighter to the Belgian Congo in 1957 to visit Josephine's brother, Reverend George R. Stuart, Jr., and his family at their Presbyterian Church Mission.

Although his business office is beseiged with technical problems, Roy seems to have to exercise most often the gift of foresight to anticipate the ever-varying appliance needs of the American family. In his own home, however, where he is most aware of his blessings, he is inclined to find contentment with the immediate present.

CHRONOLOGY OF LEROY RYMER

LEROY RYMER — born September 14, 1905 to
Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford Rymer in Cleveland, Tennessee

Central Grammar School 1920
Bradley County High School 1920-24, graduated
President senior class

Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas 1926-27

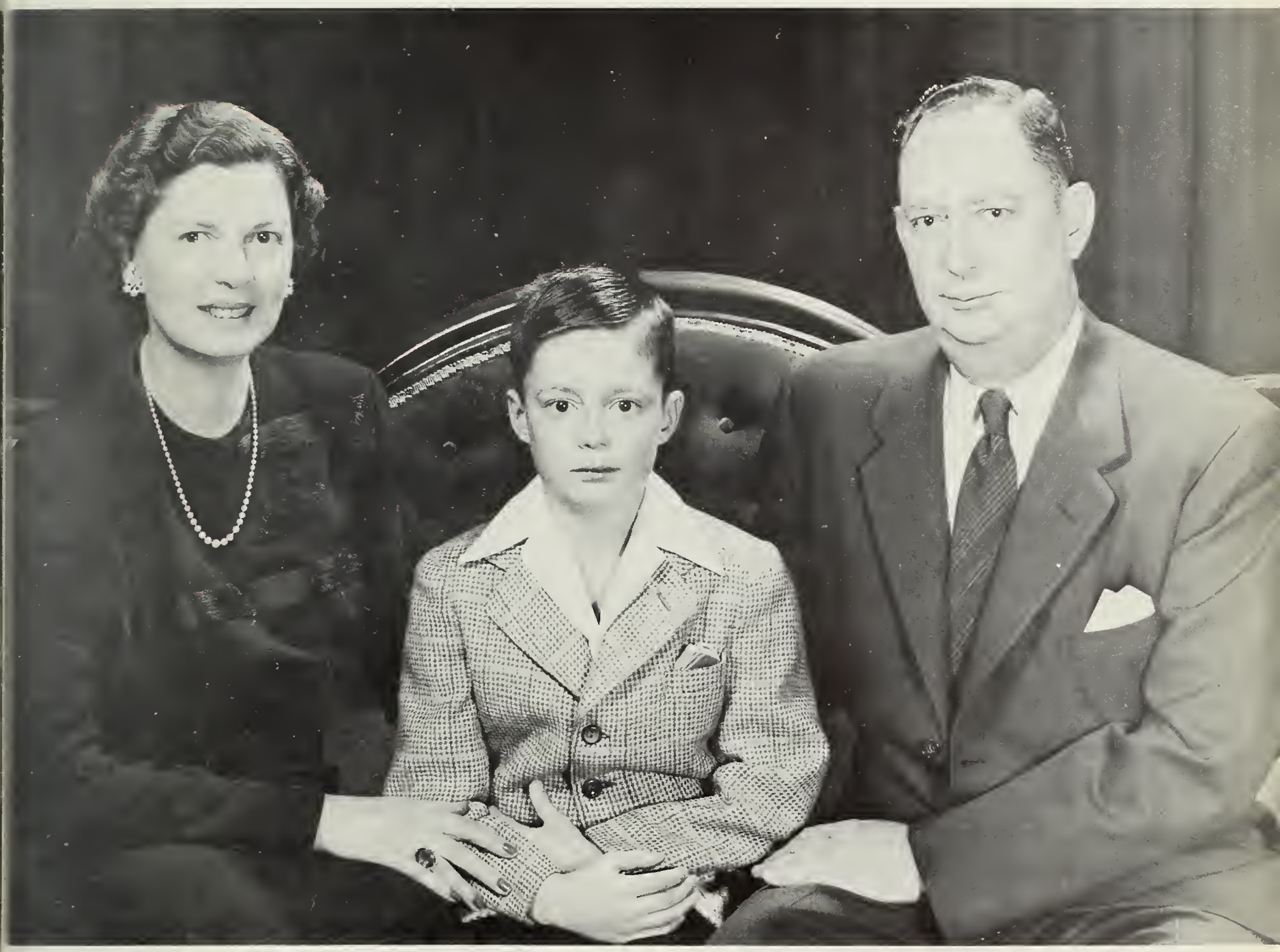
Entered Dixie Foundry Co., Inc., 1927
General manager 1934

Married Josephine Wandling Stuart, February 7, 1942 Chattanooga
(born February 27, 1910, Owensboro, Kentucky)
LeRoy Rymer, Jr. — born May 1, 1943, Cleveland

Member of the following in Cleveland:
Bear, Deer and Boar Hunters Club
Lions, Kiwanis, Chamber of Commerce, B. P. O. E.
Past president Golf and Country Club

Chairman Tennessee State Game and Fish Commission
Director Bradley County Sportsmens' League
Vice president Cherokee Area Boy Scouts of America
Delegate Constitutional Convention of Tennessee 1959
Board of Stewards, Broad Street Methodist Church 1959
Kentucky Colonel — August 21, 1959

Vice president in charge of purchases, Dixie Products, Inc., 1950
Chairman of board of directors, Dixie Products, Inc., 1959



Kay Daniell Studio

THE LEROY RYMER FAMILY

Josephine, LeRoy Jr., LeRoy

November 1952

Marvin J. Rymer

According to his father, Marvin and the sales code of the Dixie Company progressed simultaneously. After a couple of years at Fishburne Military School in Virginia and a course at Massey Business College in Birmingham, Alabama, Marvin began his career in the crating department of the plant in 1929. As quickly as he gave evidence of special aptitude for selling, he was advanced to the sales office.

Dixie had undertaken a quality program of production by then, and was using sales personnel to make extensive field observations and reports. For four years Marvin shouldered one of these travel jobs. His apprentice-earned experience with the shipping problems peculiar to Dixie helped him to establish innovations to improve customer service. In November 1936, he became vice president in charge of sales, a post requiring immense energy and enthusiasm.

During World War II, Marvin left the plant to serve for more than three years with the U. S. Army, spending fourteen months in the Air Transport Command in the Middle East. Discharged with the rank of sergeant, he resumed his civilian position, and, within a year, married Grace Allen McNutt, the girl he had met and admired at a dance when she was in her early teens. Their wedding took place in the First Methodist Church of Atlanta, Georgia, the Reverend Pierce Harris officiating. In the wedding party were the bride's eight-year-old son by a former marriage, Edwin F. Peek III, her sister Bettye, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Dethero, and Mr. Thomas Hughes of Maryville.

The daughter of prominent florists, Mr. and Mrs. George Edgar McNutt of Knoxville, Grace invested in a flower shop of her own, after completing her education at the University of Tennessee, Wesleyan College, and the Cadek Conservatory. Her enterprise and ability soon qualified her to serve as a consultant of floral growers and manufacturers, and to lecture at industry schools of design. Grace has a number of national honors to her credit, among them the distinguished Wallace award presented at the Jackson-Perkins Silver Rose Show. Best known for her creative approach to floral arrangement, she consistently rallies her music, art and voice training to dramatize her unique demonstrations.

Active members of city organizations, the Rymers regularly use their talents for church and social causes. Grace is a member of the Broad Street Methodist Church choir and state chairman of the Youth Education Program of Tennessee. Marvin has headed the annual Community Chest Drive, and the Industrial Campaign for Polio Vaccines, and the Cleveland Golf and Country Club.

Their son, Christopher Joseph, born in 1947, is already an inveterate sportsman. Joe summers at Baylor Military Camp where he excels in canoeing, swimming, and horseback riding.

The Rymers' colonial home on Ocoee Street reflects Grace's artistry, Marvin's warm hospitality, and Joe's lively moods. Most of their good times are spent together, thanks to their shared interests in music, sports, and books. For these, Marvin's enthusiasm dates back to his clarinet-playing days with the first Cleveland City Band, his high school football and basketball triumphs, and his appreciation for practical ideas on salesmanship that can supplement his personal experience.

Now vice president and director of sales with Dixie Products, Inc., Marvin tops an organization whose offices are duplicated around the country. Under his direction, backed by thirty years of versatile experience, these units have been scientifically designed to be showcases of the products and services of the industry.

* * *

Edwin Franklin Peek III, a graduate of Baylor Military School in Chattanooga, attended Tennessee Wesleyan College in Athens where he was a member of the college choir. His wife, Memphis-born Margarette Wade Bibb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Childress Bibb, attended the University of Tennessee, where she was a member of Alpha Omicron Pi sorority. With their young son, Marvin Christopher, the Peeks now live in Cleveland.

CHRONOLOGY OF MARVIN J. RYMER

MARVIN J. RYMER — born September 9, 1907 to
Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford Rymer in Cleveland, Tennessee

Central Grammar School 1922
Bradley County High School 1922-24

Fishburne Military School, Waynesboro, Virginia 1924-26

Massey Business College, Birmingham, Alabama 1930

Served in World War II
United States Army 1942-45
Sergeant

Married Grace Allen McNutt Peek, October 29, 1946, Atlanta, Georgia
(born November 20, 1915, Knoxville, Tennessee)
Christopher Joseph Rymer — born Sept. 22, 1947, Cleveland
Edwin Franklin Peek III — born August 13, 1937, Athens, Tennessee
Married Margarette Wade Bibb, July 12, 1958, Murphy, N. C.
(born March 16, 1938, Memphis, Tennessee)
Marvin Christopher Peek — born Apr. 23, 1959, Cleveland

Chattanooga Golf and Country Club
Member of the following in Cleveland:
Veterans of Foreign Wars
American Legion
Elks, Lions, Chamber of Commerce
Past president Golf and Country Club

Chairman of Industry and Commerce Division, Anti-Polio Campaign 1957
Kentucky Colonel — August 21, 1959

Vice president and director of sales, Dixie Products, Inc., 1936
First vice president of Dixie Products, Inc., 1959

Kay Daniell Studio

THE MARVIN J. RYMER FAMILY
Marvin, Joseph, Grace, Edwin Peek III
November 26, 1955

Ruth Rymer Dethero

Long before "The Puffs and Patches" rated Ruth the most athletic girl in her class, she had established herself as the rare eager-for-action type that loves a challenge. During grade school days, in spite of serious bouts with typhoid and scarlet fever and unusually long convalescences, she raced and swam with the hardiest of her pals. She spent her thirteenth summer at Camp Riva Lake near Winchester. Its cordial and invigorating programs, besides bringing about dear and lasting friendships, provided bracing groundwork for high school prowess in speedball and basketball. Ruth was the only one of us to take more than casual interest in horses; so Dad saw to it that she had her own horse and eventually a riding habit. While she was in her teens, she and Dad spent many an afternoon riding around the farm and over the neighboring hills.

When Centenary College closed, Ruth transferred to Ward-Belmont Preparatory School to complete her final year, and the following fall enrolled in its Junior College from which she graduated in 1932. Armed with a special love for mathematics and a penchant for filing, Ruth prevailed upon Dad to let her work at Dixie. It turned out to be a brief association but gained for her an understanding of plant operations for which she has since been grateful. Besides bookkeeping experience, the two years offered charming distractions as well — hours of auction bridge, a whirl through the festivities of the Cotton Ball in Chattanooga, and her own debut in the summer of 1934.

Suddenly, only a year later, Ruth faced another recovery period as the result of an automobile accident. She spent the winter with Kitty and me in Coral Gables at our parents' home on Alhambra Circle, hoping the southern sun would work miracles; and within that year she began to play golf in competition, win trophies, and ride horseback.

More in than out of Ruth's conversation right after home-coming from college had been the name of Ike (Harry Lawrence) Dethero, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lafayette Dethero of Cleveland. Member of Delta Kappa Epsilon and winner of the coveted "Bachelor of Ugliness" awarded annually to the outstanding senior, Ike finished at Vanderbilt University that same year 1932. After postgraduate study at George Peabody College in Nashville and a two-term principalship at Templeton Hill School, he accepted a position in the personnel department of the Hardwick Woolen Mills. He was sales manager there when he and Ruth were married in 1938. Their candlelight wedding, on the evening of September sixteenth at the Broad Street Methodist Church South, was very beautiful. Dr. J. Earl Gilbreath officiated. Their attendants were Miss Roberta Rymer, Mrs. Stewart Mortley Pinkerton of Silver City, New Mexico, Miss Kitty Stanbery, Miss Mary Ruth Dethero (Mrs. Wayne Varnell), J. H. Dethero, Rev. Lyle G. Kilvington, Stewart N. Pinkerton, LeRoy, Marvin, Skeet, and Robert Rymer.

Ruth's Spartan streak and Ike's ease in making adjustments made them quite equal to their newly shared responsibilities. Their first three sons, John Bradford, David Lawrence, and Harry Ramsey, arrived while they were living in apartments on Ocoee Street and Church Street. Their youngest, Boyd Rymer, was born in 1951, two years after the family had moved into the home they had modeled after a Williamsburg colonial residence.

The Dethero's family-management plans are guided by their personal convictions and coincide more and more with ideal memories of their own home lives. They are students at heart and the boys share their enthusiasm for reading. John Bradford, the oldest of the boys, after graduating from Tennessee Military Institute recently, made a summer tour of Europe with his brother David and a friend, Ben McClary, managing a special stop-off at Stratford, Ontario, to witness the Canadian festival production of HENRY IV. Ramsey

has a high powered thirst for work; whether it's lawn mowing, or car washing, or meal getting, Ramsey pitches in. David, is artistic, can whip out a portrait or two with no urging, and loves to read.

As soon as Ike joined Dixie Products in 1948, his leadership potential, rated so highly at Vanderbilt, was confirmed. His first pitch as a salesman was indicative of the pace at which he was to work: his client had fumed through several annoyances while preparing a speech to be given that evening, and evidently Ike's interruption was the last straw. After the fellow's verbal explosion, Ike dared to inquire about the occasion for the speech, offered pertinent suggestions for it, and blazed his way to an order for the company. In the interest of sales promotion, Ike traveled throughout Louisiana and West Virginia, and when Dixie purchased Magic Chef in 1958, he became vice president in charge of sales of the Magic Chef Division of Dixie Products, Inc. Besides his business activities, Ike carries a share of church, educational and social duties. He is chairman of the Cleveland School Board, has been a steward of the Methodist Church, past president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce and of the Golf and Country Club, and has promoted cub scouting for over ten years.

At home with all the men in the family, Ruth presides pleasantly, keeping up as usual with their absorbing sports interests. Because she still loves a challenge, she accepts outside responsibilities too. Since the establishment of the Rymer Foundation, she has been the one to interview candidates for scholarships, four-year awards offered to worthy students. This is but one of Ruth's extra jobs, but she handles them all in the manner of a typical Dethero "sideline" while determinedly giving the family first place.

CHRONOLOGY OF RUTH RYMER DETHERO

RUTH RYMER — born April 28, 1912 to
Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford Rymer in Cleveland, Tennessee

Central Grammar School 1926
Centenary College 1926-29
"Most Athletic"

Ward-Belmont Preparatory School, Nashville 1930, graduated

Ward-Belmont Junior College, 1930-32
Academic Diploma

Cotton Belle at Chattanooga Cotton Ball 1934

Married Harry Lawrence Dethero, September 16, 1938, Cleveland
(born October 28, 1908, Cleveland)
John Bradford Dethero — born September 17, 1939, Cleveland
David Lawrence Dethero — born April 13, 1941, Cleveland
Harry Ramsey Dethero — born March 9, 1946, Cleveland
Boyd Rymer Dethero — born March 12, 1951, Cleveland

Chairman of Lundy Mission of Broad Street Methodist Church
1955

Sponsor of Mission Mart

Director of Dixie Products, Inc., 1943

Kay Daniell Studio

THE HARRY L. DETHERO FAMILY

Seated: Harry, Boyd, Ramsey, Ruth Rymer. Standing: John Bradford, David.

November 1952

S. Bradford Rymer, Jr.

S. Bradford Rymer, Jr., was fourteen years old when he stepped on stage to receive his eighth grade certificate during the dedication ceremonies at Arnold Memorial School in May 1929. Central Grammar School had closed and its last junior high class was privileged to meet in the new building for graduation. Thrilled though he may have been then, wiry young Skeet was to hear his name called out from other platforms in recognition of more distinguished achievements.

In the assembly hall at Fishburne Military School at Waynesboro, Virginia, Cadet Sergeant S. Bradford Rymer, Jr., was named valedictorian of the class of 1933. At Georgia School of Technology, where he was a member of honorary science and journalistic societies and served as senior-year president of Phi Gamma Delta, he earned his bachelor of science degree in industrial management. In the ballroom of the Hotel Cherokee in Cleveland in 1954, as Dixie's young president, he received the South's most cordial mark of esteem, the title of Kentucky Colonel.

To work at the plant right after his graduation, in 1937, required few adjustments on Skeet's part. Just as his older brothers had sought production experience, so did he, working under his father's supervision. The materials he was accustomed to examining theoretically, or, at best, impersonally — product lines, office procedures, competitive conditions — he now studied at first hand, guided by his father's suggestions. It was through his efforts that the assembly system was first established in the plant.

To the responsibilities he assumed as production manager in 1940 (interrupted for almost three years by his War Training Service as civilian flight instructor) can be ascribed Skeet's comprehensive view of the whole Dixie enterprise. With it came increased appreciation for the human touch so evident in his dad's relationship with the employees. As one of several executives in effective contact with the main office on problems of design, production, cost, plant facilities, and marketing, Skeet gradually inherited his father's place. When on January 1, 1950, S. Bradford Rymer retired to become chairman of the Dixie board of directors, his namesake became president of the company.

Skeet's young family was well begun before he attained that position. His marriage to Anne Roddye Caudle of Chattanooga, was solemnized by Reverend Dr. James L. Fowle in the John A. Patten Memorial Chapel of the University of Chattanooga on November 7, 1942. Anne's sister, Anita Silberman, Hardie Caudle, C. C. Silberman, H. L. Dethero, and Skeet's brothers were the attendants.

Just the year before, Anne had been feted as a Cotton Belle at the ninth annual ball in Chattanooga. Her early schooling was at Wert's and Brainerd Junior High. A graduate of Chattanooga High School in 1938, she had attended Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, and the University of Chattanooga where she was a member of Chi Omega, national social fraternity. Her father, the late William Dowd Caudle of Charlotte, North Carolina, was co-founder of Hardie and Caudle Clothing Store in Chattanooga. Her mother, Sidnah Anita Caudle is a native of Ooltewah, Tennessee.

Though Skeet puts in a long day at the plant, he sticks to an active schedule in community and church programs. He is a member of the board of trustees of the Methodist Church, the Chamber of Commerce, Bradley Memorial Hospital, past president of the Golf and Country Club, and an incorporator of Cleveland's YMCA. Recently he was named executive vice president and chairman of the planning committee of the Institute of Appliance manufacturers.

The children, Anita Elise, born in 1945, and Stephen Bradford III, born in 1953, are helping Skeet's history to repeat itself with interesting variations. In May 1959, Elise received her preliminary certificate from the Arnold Memorial School, as a member of its last graduating class. Besides achieving other honors, she has been the recipient of the D. A. R. award. Little Bradford will be keeping the Rymer work-earn-advance policy intact when he registers as a first-grader.

When summer rolls around, the four Rymers, all boating enthusiasts, enjoy Parksville Lake. During the winter months, there are frequent business trips that Skeet and Anne find relaxing and rewarding, especially their associations with the Young Presidents' Organization. Once conference sessions are over, meetings take on a holiday flavor in such attractive resorts as those at Nassau and Hawaii. Skeet has been entrusted with the future of the corporation dear to his heart, and, though the demands are many, so are the compensations.

CHRONOLOGY OF S. BRADFORD RYMER, JR.

S. BRADFORD RYMER, JR. — born May 30, 1915 to
Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford Rymer in Cleveland, Tennessee

Central Grammar School 1929
Bradley High School 1929-31

Fishburne Military School, Waynesboro, Virginia 1931-33
Cadet Sergeant, Valedictorian

Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Georgia 1933-37
Pi Delta Epsilon
Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, president senior year
Degree — bachelor of science in industrial management 1937

Married Anne Roddye Caudle, November 7, 1942, Chattanooga
(born November 22, 1920, Chattanooga)
Anita Elise Rymer — born August 17, 1945, Cleveland
Stephen Bradford Rymer III — born February 21, 1953, Cleveland

To work at Dixie Foundry Co., Inc., 1937-42

Civilian flight instructor in War Training Service 1942-44

Returned to Dixie 1944

Board of Stewards, Broad Street Methodist Church
Chamber of Commerce
Director of Bradley County Memorial Hospital and YMCA
Past president Cleveland Golf and Country Club
Kentucky Colonel — June 9, 1954

Executive vice president and board of trustees, Institute of Appliance Manufacturers
Young Presidents' Organization (past director and area vice president)

President of Dixie Products, Inc., 1950

Kay Daniell Studio

THE S. BRADFORD RYMER, JR. FAMILY

S. Bradford, Jr., Bradford III, Elise, Anne

November 30, 1956

Robert Edward Rymer

On a cold December morning, just two days before Christmas, Robert and Roberta were born, the last additions to the family. Dad tells about both babies crying lustily at the same time, and about mother tucking one under each arm and going right ahead fixing supper; and about their getting Bert to sleep, and finally lulling Bobby off, only to have Bert wake up again. Mother agrees that she and Dad got very little sleep in the year 1918.

As for the twins, they've been chalking up records ever since. While Bert was tackling literary contests and chemistry formulas, Bob was becoming an expert in almost every sport offered in school. At Bradley High as a freshman, he made all the varsity teams. During his junior and senior years at McCallie School in Chattanooga, he earned letters in each major sport, besides meriting a special award as "the most conscientious member of the football squad". In Nashville at Vanderbilt University, where he belonged to Phi Delta Theta fraternity, he co-captained the basketball team and earned recognition as one of its most "artful workmen". For a number of years, he was the tennis champion of Cleveland.

Bob majored in business administration at Vanderbilt, and, after graduation with honors in 1939, he went right to work in the sales department under Marvin. Encouraged by his father while Marvin was in the Army and S. B., Jr., was a civilian flight instructor, he studied production costs and sales figures, obtained and analyzed economic data, arranged meetings, and followed progress of work. His creditable handling of a variety of duties, besides bringing double-barreled benefits to the company, earned him his eventual promotion.

As a contributing factor to his well-being, Bob considers his two decades with the Dixie plant second only to his marriage to

Mary Elizabeth Hoyle, his childhood sweetheart. Her parents, John Bledsoe Hoyle and Leah Rosebel Fletcher Hoyle were Cleveland-born, both members of families prominent in education and politics. Mary Lib attended Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia, and received her A. B. degree from the University of Kentucky, where she was a member of Chi Omega fraternity. For one summer she studied at Northwestern University, having been awarded a scholarship in dramatics. Until her marriage she taught third grade at Mayfield Grammar School in Cleveland.

The wedding on March 23, 1940, was solemnized in the Broad Street Methodist Church with the Reverend F. B. Shelton performing the marriage service. Leonard Clay Fletcher, uncle of the bride, gave her away. The attendants were: Miss Pauline Hoyle (Mrs. William C. Nevin), Miss Augusta Hoyle (Mrs. Robert G. Card), Miss Amanda Thrasher (Mrs. John Gray), Miss Jane Blair Webb (Mrs. Kenneth Higgins), Miss Bess Mayfield (Mrs. David Neil), Miss Roberta Rymer (Mrs. Kenneth Keyes), Messrs. LeRoy Rymer, Marvin Rymer, S. B. Rymer, Jr., H. L. Dethero, Robert G. Card, and Dr. Walter Hackett of Rome, Georgia.

Their first years together brought Bob and Mary Lib a number of unrelated responsibilities — almost enough to match their prodigious energies. Happiest of these were the births of Pauline Malinda in 1942 and John B. Hoyle in 1944. Shortly thereafter came Bob's hitch in the Navy, from seaman to petty officer in storekeeping, and Mary Lib's enthusiastic participation with the Episcopal auxiliary. Finally there was Bob's return to Dixie in 1946 and his appointment as secretary and treasurer of the company.

When Robert Edward, Jr.,, arrived in March 1948,, and the house on Centenary Avenue began to seem small, the family moved to 1033 Ocoee Street, the home they purchased from Mary Lib's mother.

Treasured there are some of the choicest items of the rare collection of antiques made by Mary Lib's maternal grandmother, one of the first persons in the area to preserve them. In that atmosphere of American tradition the Rymer children are growing up.

The youngsters seem to be hewing to the scholarly, sports-loving pattern set up by their parents, and the trophy shelves attest to their numerous achievements. Malinda won medals in high school for language proficiency, golf cups during vacation days, and the Cleveland women's golf championship trophy in the women's state golf tournament when she was fourteen years old. She was awarded the American Field Service Exchange Scholarship the summer of 1959, and a full scholarship to Westminster School for the 1959-60 year. Hoyle has served as president of his class, as junior counselor at camp, and is an acolyte in St. Luke's Church. He has attained his God and Country award and his Eagle Scout badge. Young Robert is a cub scout and an acolyte.

Bob's avocational involvements, of course, frequently limit his time with his family. In 1956 he was named to the board of directors of the Cleveland National Bank. He has served as senior warden and vestryman of St. Luke's Church for several terms since he and Mary Lib were confirmed there about ten years ago. The hours he contributes to the Boy Scouts are a natural outgrowth of his own enjoyment as a former troop member. In 1958, he himself received the Scouter's medal in recognition of his services.

Mary Lib says she deserves the medal because of the time she spends alone while the scoutmaster is on camping trips, but her tone suggests that she not only approves but is proud of the zeal with which her husband gives of himself. Though he is the youngest of the "intrepid" Rymer brothers, Bob has a high batting average in the fine arts of service and diplomacy.

CHRONOLOGY OF ROBERT EDWARD RYMER

ROBERT EDWARD RYMER (twin) — born December 23, 1917 to Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford Rymer in Cleveland, Tennessee

Arnold Memorial Grammar School 1931
Bradley High School 1931-33

McCallie School, Chattanooga 1933-35 graduated
Athletic letters: football, basketball, baseball, track

Vanderbilt University, Nashville 1935-39
Major — business administration
Co-captain of basketball team
Phi Delta Theta fraternity
Degree — bachelor of business administration 1939

City tennis champion 1938

Married Mary Elizabeth Hoyle, March 23, 1940, Cleveland
(born August 5, 1917, Cleveland)
Pauline Malinda Rymer — born September 16, 1942, Cleveland
John B. Hoyle Rymer — born August 17, 1944, Cleveland
Robert Edward Rymer, Jr. — born March 10, 1948, Cleveland

Served in World War II
United States Navy 1944-46
Petty officer in storekeeping

Past president Cleveland Golf and Country Club
Silver Boar Award, Scouter's Medal
Kentucky Colonel, August 21, 1959

Director of Cleveland National Bank 1956
Secretary-treasurer of Dixie Products, Inc., 1950

Kay Daniell Studio

THE ROBERT EDWARD RYMER FAMILY
Mary Elizabeth, Malinda, Robert Jr., Hoyle, Robert
November 1952

Roberta Rymer Keyes

Some psychologists say that age position in the family determines to quite an extent the personality of the child. Little Bert didn't need priming on such matters to consider, almost from the beginning, that her place in the family line was the best of all. Besides her twin, a made-to-order playmate, she had two doting sisters and three frisky and obliging big brothers.

From her first finger exercises on the piano to her appearance as vocal soloist with the University of Miami symphony, Bert was conscious of the benign interest of all the family all the time. Many honors came her way before, during, and after her years at Girls Preparatory School in Chattanooga and Randolph-Macon Women's College, and Bert maintains that our joy and pride in her achievements served all along as her best incentives. She had her earliest taste of the drama by collaborating with Bobby on penny-admission shows in the backyard and pantomiming lyrics and songfests in the parlor. Her academic sporting exploits, stretching back to long summer days on the tennis court in Cleveland, won her easy admission into the all-star athletic society at college. Her musical career, begun at the piano on Ocoee Street, spiralled steadily and included such gratifying experiences as singing the role of Sybil in the Miami Guild production of FAUST with members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

It was at the University of Miami while she was taking special music courses that Bert met Kenneth Keyes. They were married by Dr. Carlock Hawk in Coral Gables Methodist Church five days after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Ruth and I were matrons of honor. Mary Lib Rymer — not just because she was her twin brother's wife, but because she had been one of her closest friends for a long time — and Martha Frances Moore Williams, the friend "from across the street", were bridesmaids, together with Jane Blair Webb Higgins and Miriam Garber Kahn. Ken's close friend, Graham Miller, was best man. Bob, Skeet, Robert Bartholomew, Thomas P. Smith, Dr. Monty Suggars, and Gilbert Ryan were groomsmen.

In the ballroom of the magnificent Miami Biltmore Hotel the bride and groom had their wedding reception, probably the last private event held there before the hotel was turned into an army hospital. The family brought with them to Miami close friends from Cleveland. Marvin and LeRoy stood by to make the occasion gay

for all the guests. Miss Bertha Foster, then head of the music department of the University of Miami; Louis Ely, Fred Waring's first violinist for many years after the war; and Dr. Arturo di Filippi, guiding force of the Miami Opera Guild, furnished the music.

Ken and Bert were fortunate during the war years, for Ken's appointment to the Intelligence Branch of the Navy stationed him right in Miami, where Kenneth Scofield Keyes III and Clara Lucille were born. Nevertheless, six months after the war was over, they had to face an unnerving personal enemy, polio, and their first move to combat it took them to the Warm Springs Foundation. There Ken gradually combined recovery measures with the writing of a book on thinking methodology, **How to Develop Your Thinking Ability.** Bert assisted him in every way she could. Their need for each other and their sharing of prolonged suffering transformed the time spent at Warm Springs into some of the happiest days of their lives.

Before his family moved to Miami when he was twelve years old, Ken had lived in nearby Atlanta. His mother, Lucille Thomas, and his father, Kenneth S. Keyes, had met and married there after the First World War. His grandmother, Lucille King Thomas Smith, still lives there. Ken's confinement at the foundation gave both families who lived not far away, the opportunity to lend their help and encouragement. For Bert, our visits were testimonials to a changeless affection never to be taken as a matter of course.

In 1949, the Keyes returned to Miami, where Ken and Bert gradually entered the real estate business. Ken, with a broker's license, and Bert, with a salesman's license, began by selling residential lots in the avocado grove, where they built a house. From there, they proceeded into South Miami and Perrine business property. Ken, speculative and progressive, became well-known as a real estate analyst in South Dade County.

Richly endowed with enthusiasm as well as talent, and blessed with an attitude of mind that fulfills resolutions, Bert is presently carrying on some of the child-oriented projects in scouting and education whose ideals she took to heart long ago. Most pleasant is the hobby that involves her own children, Ken III and Clara Lou. For them and for hundreds of other Miami boys and girls, Bert is promoting the establishment of opera study groups, thereby sharing her own appreciation for music and extending some of the love that she feels has been hers so abundantly.

CHRONOLOGY OF ROBERTA RYMER KEYES

LELA ROBERTA RYMER (twin) — born December 23, 1917 to Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford Rymer in Cleveland, Tennessee

Arnold Memorial Grammar School 1931
Bradley High School 1931-32
Girl's Preparatory School, Chattanooga 1932-35, graduated
President sophomore class, basketball team
Gorgas Medal (Tennessee State Award for essay on Gorgas)
"Most Talented" in senior class
Randolph-Macon Women's College, Lynchburg, Va. 1935-39
Majors: chemistry and music
Freshman class secretary
Sophomore representative of Student Government Association
Junior class president
Senior year president of Student Government Association
Blazer Club (Honorary Athletic Society), Chi Omega
All star: basketball, swimming
Certificate in piano
"Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges" 1938-39
Phi Beta Kappa
A. B. degree
Cotton Belle at Chattanooga Cotton Ball 1939

Married Kenneth Scofield Keyes, Jr., Dec. 12, 1941, Coral Gables (born January 19, 1921, Atlanta, Georgia)
Kenneth Scofield Keyes III — born December 6, 1942, Miami
Clara Lucille Keyes — born April 4, 1944, Miami
In Miami:
Student soloist with University of Miami Symphony 1941
Sang role of Sybil in Miami Opera Guild production of FAUST with John Guerney, John Dudley of Metropolitan Opera, January 1946
Founder, member of, and on Board of Miami Opera Guild
Vizcayans and Beaux Arts
President Young Patronesses of the Opera 1957-58
Organizer and president of Girl Scout Little House Corporation of South Miami 1952-58

Awarded Thanks Badge, Dade County Council of Girl Scouts
Director of Dixie Products, Inc., 1959

Kay Daniell Studio

THE KENNETH S. KEYES, JR. FAMILY

Clara Lucille, Kenneth III, Roberta Rymer, Kenneth, Jr.

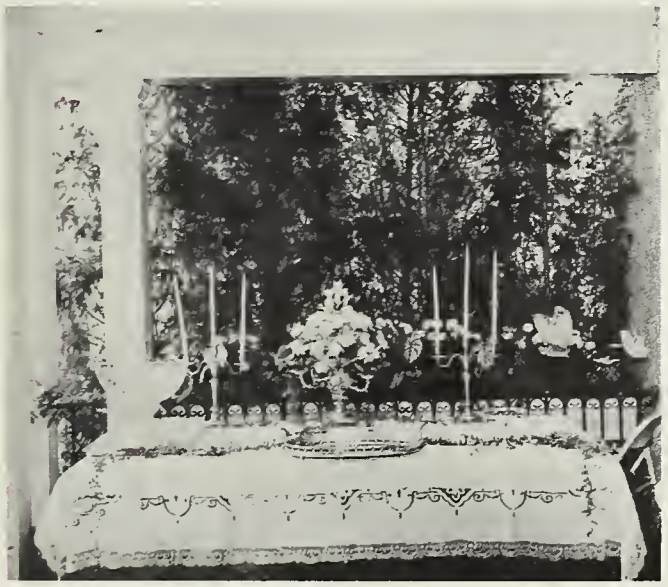
November 2, 1957

Mother was beautiful in pink . . . Dad downright handsome in a new blue suit — Fiftieth wedding anniversary, July 1952

Gilt painted dolls represented every member of the family

The Golden Wedding Anniversary

Mother and Dad observed their Golden Wedding Anniversary when they entertained family and friends at an Open House at their home on Ocoee Street on Tuesday, July 22, 1952. The previous evening they were honored guests at a gala dinner party given by their children in the Indian Room of the Cherokee Hotel.



Mother and Dad enjoyed the family's "entertainment" and the loving tributes paid them at the Cherokee Hotel

Mother's favorite necklace has a world-shaped pendant which contains miniatures of her seven children

Through everyone's efforts, the dinner party was a rewarding success

A bridal veil and bouquet for Mother . . . a top hat for Dad

Bert and Bob as balladiers singing Mary Lib's version of Mother and Dad's life

Fifty-Fifth Wedding Anniversary

Five years later, Mother and Dad were feted on their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary at a dinner party given by their children at the home of S. B. Jr. The jointly-planned evening had humorous touches in its entertainment and moments of seriousness in the heartfelt tribute paid the guests of honor because of their inspiration in fortitude and courage and the fine principles they unfailingly maintained.

As mementos of the occasion they were presented with jeweled pins original in design and fitting in symbolism. The center stone of Mother's ornamental pin represented Dad and Mother as the heart of the family, the seven smaller stones clustered around it signified their children, the encircling pearls depicted their grandchildren, and the stem flowers, — the great grandchilden, then born. Dad's tie-pin was similar in miniature. This was the last of our parents' wedding anniversary celebrations and is a cherished memory.

1958
DECEMBER 25

IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF THE MANY KINDNESSES SHOWN US BY

MR. S. B. RYMER

WE THE EMPLOYEES OF

DIXIE PRODUCTS, INC.

EXTEND TO HIM OUR BEST WISHES FOR
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

PLANT PERSONNEL

CRATE SHOP: FLOYD MILLER, Supvr

JOHN MYERS, BEN WHALEY, L. L. McCARTER
WARDEN LONG, GRADY MARTIN
WILLIAM HUNT, NOAH HYSINGER
CHARLES DUBECK, GRADY McMAHAN
DAVID SHAMBLIN, ROBERT TEAMON
ERNEST VISAGE, CLARENCE TAYLOR
GEORGE CLOWERS, ARTHUR WHITE
JOSEPH RUNION, THOMAS CARTER
WILLIAM CRISP, W. J. McCAMISH
RUFUS GREEN, ALONZO REYNOLDS

DIE SHOP: FLETCHER LEA, Supvr

CHARLES BURCH, J. C. WAGNER
VICTOR HOLLIFIELD, ROY KIMBROUGH
OTIS GRIFFITH, EDMOND COLLINS
J. T. KIRKPATRICK, EARL HALL
FRANK LEE
P. J. LEWIS
WM. R. CORLEY
PRESTON WHEELER, STACY CARLTON
E. D. DAVIS, WENDELL BROWN
DENNIS WHITE, JAMES LEDFORD

ENAMEL PLANT: ED YARBROUGH, Supvr

RAY WAGNER, ENNIS OWENBY, PEARLIE GRANT, ARNOLD CAMPBELL, ROBERT GRIFFITH, GLENN CANTRELL, LOUISE YATES, JOHNNIE CORBIN, JAMES SWAFFORD, ARTHUR HUGHES, JIMMIE WATSON, FRANCES CARLTON, VIRGINIA BAKER, ROBERT MORROW
ETHEL GOINS, WILLIAM LEWIS, JR., LOLA DUNN, CECIL STAFFORD, JOHNNIE JOHNSON, LESTER HAULK, EARL WILSON, LONNIE WRIGHT, W. E. COOLEY, CHARLES HAWKINS, ETHEL HYSINGER, KENNETH INGRAM, MATTIE MORGAN, FRANCES ENSLEY
MILDRED GUTHRIE, MARGARET WALTER, BONNIE WATSON, MARY HILLIARD, EVELYN BECK, FRANCES BROWN, NELLIE HALL, VIRGINIA MILLARD, NANNIE WILSON, JENNIE MORRIS, HAZEL WILLIAMS, EDITH CARLTON, GLADYS WHALEY, LOLA ALLEN
FRANCES TINSLEY?, MARY McCARTER, BEULAH PARKS, LOUISE PARKER, SIBYL GREEN?, FRANKIE BROWN, PEARL SMITH, JOYCE OSMENT, DANIEL GATES, BOB OGLE, HAROLD BEAGAN?, FRANK RUTLEDGE, EDWIN GEE, JAMES WATSON
JEWELL LAWSON, CLAUDE ROE, TOM LONG, JAMES McCLURE, ROY HALLEW?, JEWELL DIXSON, EDITH ODANIEL?, ANNA MONTGOMERY, EDNA ROGERS, ELORA DAUGHERTY?, IMOGENE SAMPLES, JOE RAYBURN, LESTER SHAMBLIN, VAN DELAY
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ELIZA HAMBY, BILLY JOHNSON, GLENN WATSON, ROBERT FINER, LEONARD GATES, TURNER SHELTON?, ELDEN WILSON, HOYT McCALLISTER, JESSIE McCALLISTER, FRANK HAMBY, DANIEL RUTLEDGE, GLEN CASSELL?, WILLIAM BORING, GRACIE BURGESS
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ELECTRIC RANGE: KENNETH GOINS, Supvr

R. E. CARTWRIGHT, ROBERT DUCKWORTH, JAMES MORROW, LEE ROY FORGEY, ROY HUSKEY, TAYLOR MORRIS
JAMES SAMPLES, JAMES MUNCY, EDDIE LANGFORD, WILLIE RUTLEDGE, WILLIAM TURNER, CLYDE KERSEY
DOROTHY LOWERY, DONALD WEBB, KENNETH BURTON?, LUDIS DEWEES?, TOM ELLIOTT
WAYNE TINSLEY, DARRELL GUTHRIE, DELCHER WEBB?, D. J. PRICHARD, C. L. ANDERSON
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LEON DISNEY, EDWARD BROWN, GENEVA SEWELL, LEO HEAVERS, ALBERT BELCHER
WILLARD PUETT, LUCILLE HAMBY, D. H. CONNER, JR., DOYLE NEELEY, WALLACE COLE
BOBBY HALL, FLOYD MURPHY, KENNETH NEWMAN, MILLARD SUTTON, WILLARD CARROLL
CLYDE DUNN, DORIS OLSSON, FRANKLIN FINER, BLANCHE RYMER, GERALDINE HULL, CLEO BEARD
JUANDINE WEIR, EDNA HARTLEY, BONNIE RUNCH, THOMAS FLOWERS, WESLEY GREEN, GEORGE MAYO

FOUNDRY: A. W. BEATY, Supvr

LEONARD BEATY, HENRY JOHNSON, W. E. STEPHENSON, JOSEPH JENKINS, MARION FORTNER, LEONARD THOMAS, WILLIAM RIGDON
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GENE BECK, JOHN WILSON, CHARLES ALLEN, KERMIT GIBSON, SAM LEE, LOUIS PARR, CHARLES OWENBY
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J. C. OSMENT, LUTHER BELCHER, FRENCH BEARD, ALVIN HOWARD, J. R. BELCHER, BENJAMIN POWERS

GAS RANGE: CHARLES CHAVIS, Supvr

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VATER DUNN, R. C. CANTRELL, CHARLIE BANKS, W. M. BURRIS, CLAUDE FRANKS

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BURCH LEWIS, DONALD BURCHER
DONALD OGLE, JIMMIE TINSLEY
REBA GOINS
LOUISE ALLOWAY
THELMA PHILLIPS
MAUDE GREEN
GENEVA OGLE
AUDREY WATSON, WILBURN LEWIS
ROBERT CROSS, PAUL BREWER?

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TOM BISHOP, FLAVIAS DIXON, HARRY CARLTON, CARL MEDLIN, FRANK POTEET, JOE BRYANT, ROBERT CREED, LUTHER HAMILTON, FRED CRITTENDEN, LAWRENCE WATERS, MARVIN GATES, LEVI CARTER
CLYDE SWALLOWS, PAUL GOINS, CHARLES RICHARDSON, RALPH ROMINGER, CARSON MORGAN, HERSHEL CLAOSON, W. I. LUNSFORD, HENRY BURRIS, ALBERT ENSLEY, CLEASTON MOATS, A. I. CROSS, HUGH WILSON
HOMER DUNN, ERNEST DEAKINS, ERNEST HUMBERD, RONALD RICE, ROBERT FLOWERS, FLETCHER EVANS, ALBERT BOLDIN, GRADY SWAFFORD, CHARLES HICKS, CECIL DAVIS, ROBERT ALLEN, WENDELL GOODWIN
CHARLES WEBB, FRANK WATSON, LEWIS MORGAN, TEK WEBB, CLYDE WARE, J. W. JOHNSON, CECIL CHANCEY, JAMES VAUGHN, CHARLES HOUK, JOE CLOWERS, ALBERT EMERSON, JAMES WILLIAMS
THOMAS SEABORN, T. J. HARRIS, JOE JACKSON, JOHNNY WOODS, WILLARD LEWIS, CLETIS WEBB, JAMES MIKEL, SPORT RYMER, LUTHER WATSON, WARREN GIBSON, CLYDE TURNER, FLETCHER HOWARD
JAMES MORRIS, LAWRENCE CASSON, JOHN KERSEY, INA GOFEN, JAMES BOYD, KENNETH WEBB, GORDON BURNETTE, AMOS CALDWELL, DUANE EVERETT, DAVE BISHOP, PAUL JOHNSON, WILLIAM GREEN
HARDEN LEE, HARVEY CHANDLER, CARL RATCLIFF, MACE EVANS, GEORGE PHILLIPS, JEWELL THURMAN, LUTHER CLINGAN, CARTER GUTHRIE, ALVIN HALL, SAM GREEN, JIMMY HICKS, NATHAN HAWKINS, CHARLES TAYLOR

STOCK ROOM: J. T. GREENE, Supvr

JANE EVANS, LOY WHALEY, FRED NIPPER
DON EVANS, ELLIE PARHAM, RESSA DTSEY
BEATRICE SNIPLEY, CLARENCE FAW, SYRUS GOODNER
JAMES HODGSON, JR., DAMON SHAHAN, RICHARD GREEN
CHILD CARVER, WILLIAM FIELDS
CHARLES GOODNER, GENE MILLER
DONALD SMITH, KINZIE DIXON, JAMES TEAMON
R. B. CARTWRIGHT, KENNETH HYSINGER, WILLIAM McDONALD
HUBERT DISPAIN, ROBERT TINSLEY, GEORGE BATTS, JR.
MEREDITH GATES, HERSCHEL FIELDS, AUSTIN McDONALD

SHIPPING DEPARTMENT: AARON BROWN, Supvr

L. E. CARTWRIGHT, RALPH POTEET, WILLIAM WOODY
JOE MORRIS, THOMAS HOLDER, EARL BURNS
FRANK McCRACKEN, GENE HAWKINS, HENRY FLOWERS
WILLIAM LORD, JAMES STEPHENS, CHAS. HENDERSON
WM. R. GRIFFITH, TOMMY ROGERS
ELMO WOODARD, ESLEY MELTON
ROBERT MALONE, J. R. WHITE, GLENN SCOGGINS
BILL PRESSWOOD, BILLY EVINETT, WILFORD WRIGHT
CHESTER HOWELL, ROBERT ROCKNER, CECIL TAYLOR
TEDDY CROSS, HARVEY RUTLEDGE, FRANK PRESSWOOD

OFFICE PERSONNEL

ADELE ARTHUR, HERBERT AIKEARN?, DOLLIE BAIN, BERNICE BEATY, NELLIE BELCHER, GILBERT BREWER
IVA BRYANT, NOLENE BURNS, PAULINE CARTWRIGHT, ONA LEE CARTWRIGHT, DAVID CHAPMAN, ROBBIE COLLINS
H. E. CROSS, ROSALIE THE GRYE?, JAMES FOSTER, FLOYD GEE, ELNORA GOINS
RUTH GREEN, BETTYE GUTHRIE, JAMES HESSLER, WILLIAM HICKS, ROBERT HOLMES
BILLY HUTSON, GEORGE JOHNSON, JOHN JOHNSON, EVA LAUDERBACK, GENEVA LONGLEY
FANNY LOONEY, JOHNNIE MAUPIN, VIRGINIA McDONALD, ELIZABETH MILLER, BETTY MOORE
MARY MONROW, BETTY MULLINAX, JOSEPH NANCE, WILLIAM NEAL, SAM PERRY
DONALD POWELL, NELL SAMPLE, ESTHER SHELL, CARL SHELLER, JACK SPENCER
CARLTON SPERLICK, ONA SPRINGFIELD, JOHN STOCKARD, GEORGE STOWE, JAMES TAYLOR, BETTY THOMAS
AUDREA TOWNSEND, ANNA RUTH WARD, BILL WARD, ELLA MAE WHITE, JOYCE WOMACK, SAM ROBINSON

STAFF DEPT. MGRS

HAROLD MOSS, CHIEF ENGINEER
WALTER TOWNSEND, PLANT SUPER.
W. C. NEVIN, BRAND ACCT MGR
WILLARD CORBIT, PROD. CONTROL
JOHN McCORD, SERVICE MGR
LEE CLEMMER, CONTROLLER
ROBERT SPRUIELL, PLANT MGR
J. T. TAYLOR, PURCHASING
HOWARD MARTIN, PERSONNEL MGR
EARL McGEE, LAB TECHNICIAN
GEORGE GRICE, COST CONTROL
RALPH ERWIN, OFFICE MGR

A Few of the Tributes to Dad

On April 13, 1959, Dad died quietly at home on Ocoee Street in Cleveland, Tennessee. He had lived in Cleveland fifty-five years. His passing was noted by many and the messages we received were a record of the esteem and affection with which he was held. They came from all walks of life and were sources of comfort and consolation. The first message recorded here is the telegram sent by Roy H. Short, Resident Bishop, Holston Conference:

> **"All of us are thankful for what Mr. Rymer and all of you have meant to the Church and to the Kingdom."**

* * *

Excerpts from other messages included the following sentiments:

> **" . . . good and noble example for his sons and daughters . . . "**

> **" . . . always enjoyed his good sense of humor and fair dealings in business . . . highly respected."**

> " . . . his stature within his community . . . in our industry. reached a height few men can hope to achieve."

> " . . . always grateful for his interest . . . and support of Christian Education."

> " . . . few men have the good fortune to lead so full a life . . . "

> " . . . countless young people received money for their education from a great Christian philanthropist, industrialist, and friend of young people . . . "

> " . . . one of the finest gentlemen associated with our industry."

* * *

"We will always remember the lovely fellowship around your table soon after our marriage. You were both so very cheerful and inspiring for newlyweds. I hope that in years to come that our love for each other will shine in such a marvelous way so that other young couples can see something of the joy of a Christian home."

"Bradley County suffered a great loss in the predawn hours of Monday. S. B. Rymer, known to thousands of people as "Brad" passed away after a lingering illness . . .

Spry and gentle, we have seen him many times hail a friend in overalls and talk to him on the street. We have seen him walk out of his way to admire a little tot in the company of his parents . . .

As a devout churchman, a farmer, a working man, a parent, a businessman, and a philanthropist, he touched many people. Those people are richer for that contact . . .

We doubt that he would want people to mourn him very much. Rather, we believe he'd say, 'Go out and enjoy the spring flowers while they're here'."

Editorial from Cleveland Daily Banner, April 14, 1959

JAKE HIGGINS SAYS . . .*

In memory of my life long friend Mr. Brad Rymer of Cleveland.

The dark Angel of Death crept silently in the home of Mr. Brad Rymer on Ocoee Street, Cleveland, Tennessee, a few weeks ago and wafted Mr. Brad's spirit to its Eternal Home. Mr. Brad and I had been close friends all his life. I prized his friendship highly. In his departure I have sustained a great loss. There are a few men who are so alive that it is impossible to think of them as no longer

living. Mr. Brad's death, though not unexpected, is a grievous loss not only to Bradley County but to East Tennessee. His death is a great loss to the business and culture life of Cleveland. It was also a shock to all who knew him and took pleasure in his gentle disposition, his generous spirit and happy outlook on life. To think of Mr. Brad as no longer living is to realize how thin is the line which divides us from the Great Beyond. We think of Wordsworth's poem on grief: "And how shall we admit that nothing can restore, what one short sigh so easily removed?"

That is the poem which ends in the line which so many of us say so often, and which the friends and loved ones of Mr. Brad are saying today: "Oh teach me calm submission to Thy Will."

Mr. Brad was a man of many business interests but his main interest was the Dixie Foundry that he made great. Brad was well known over the state and had many state-wide friendships. He had a zest for tasting citizenship in all of its ramifications. Brad was always interested in good government and tried to support candidates that stood for good citizenship. He was keenly interested in education and gave all his children a good education.

In the business life of Cleveland, Brad was a man who delighted in quality and wanted his town people to share it with him. Although Cleveland and this entire section suffers a great loss in the going away of this fine man, he left behind him four fine sons that will carry on the great business he built in the same lovable manner for the good of the people and the city. Few men in Tennessee have been so fortunate in their children. Everyone knows how proud Mr. Brad was of his family and how deeply in turn they loved their father. Mr. Brad left four fine sons, LeRoy, Marvin, Robert and S. B., Jr., who are among the outstanding young businessmen of this area. These boys will carry on this fine business in the same manner that he would have them. Brad retained a zestful love for people and life until the very minute when he made his departure, "as if through an old door set in a garden wall." Mr. Brad will be missed from every walk of life in Cleveland.

*Jake Higgins Says . . . appears regularly in The Polk County News, Benton, Tennessee. On May 14, 1959, he devoted his column to his lifelong friend.

In Memoriam*

Death came to Mr. S. B. Rymer, Sr., of Cleveland, one of the outstanding laymen of the Conference, April 13. For a number of years he had been in failing health but had continued his work for his church and business until suffering a stroke in December.

He was born in 1879 in the beautiful mountains of Polk County near Cleveland. Born in the hills, of a Christian family, he early found God who made the hills. From his God and from the strength of the hills he was able as a young man to establish one of the South's major industries, Dixie Products Company, with plants in this country and South America. He was a faithful member of Broad Street Church, Cleveland, where he served as a Steward and a Trustee.

Deeply loyal to his local church, Brother Rymer was aware of the needs of the universal Church. Recognizing the need for Christian education, his Rymer Foundation built and equipped the new Rymer Dining Hall at Hiwassee College. He set up a scholarship fund that has made possible a college education for dozens of young people, including ministers and students from foreign lands. One of his gifts was a $25,000 donation toward the building of a Home for the Retired at Asbury Acres. His loyal wife and devoted children, through the Rymer Foundation he established, will continue to carry on his wonderful work toward supplying a Christian education for deserving students.

Memorial services were held in the church he had served so faithfully and loved so dearly by the pastor, the Rev. Marquis Triplett, and a former pastor, Dr. C. E. Lundy. Quite fittingly the pastor used the Scripture that only those who have loved and known the hills can perfectly understand: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

* "The Holston Methodist", June 1, 1959

Rheiner
(Reiner)
(Riner)

American
Historical
Company,
Inc.

The Rymer Family Genealogy

by

A. BOHMER RUDD

The name of Rymer is a very old one and the variant spellings and pronunciations of the name are due to the different countries in which they lived.

Reimer, Reimers, Reiner, Reiners, were the family names of the Old Norse (Icelandic); Reimer was a British personal name and Rymer was a local name found in Suffolk or Germany. From British Family Names by Rev. Henry Barber, M. D. F. S. A.

In English and Welsh Surnames by C. W. Bardsley, M. A., Rimmer, Rymer and Rimer, Occupative "the rhymer", poet, singer. M. E. rime or ryme. In Southwest Lancashire Rimmer has ramified very strongly; but it was spelt Rymer in the 16th Century. There are several Rymer wills at Chester from 1545-1620, also in Liverpool, Manchester and London.

A. Bohmer Rudd, Researcher-Genealogist, Washington, D. C. Author of Wolcott Genealogy 1950, Pettus Family Genealogy 1957, Alva Cook and Lydia Cooper Genealogy 1958, and others.

From the original lists of names of German, Swiss, and English settlers on file in the Secretary's Office at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1856; and a second revised and enlarged edition published in 1876, (copied and translated by Dr. I. Daniel Rupp) the names of persons, ships, ports of sailing and dates are given. In 1729 a Rimer family, and in 1730 a Reimer family, is listed.

Johan Nicholas Reymer came in the ship "Loyal Judith" of London, September 25, 1732. (See John Nicholas Rimer of Rowan Co. N. C.).

Valentine Rimer took the Oath of Allegiance to Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, September 5, 1748. Valentine is a family name.

Christian and John Friedric Reiner both came on the ship "Fane" and took Oath on October 17, 1749. Americana Vol. 24, 1930.

The second revised edition contains a collection of upwards of 30,000 names and some historical and biographical notes.

In 1708 and 1709, at the invitation of Queen Anne of England, thousands left their homes in the Rhine Country for London. The Queen encouraged the Palantines to come to England in order to be sent to the "Carolinas", or to other of Her Majesty's colonies. She urged the emigration of Germans to Virginia and they located at the Falls of the Rappahannock, in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. This settlement was called "Germana".

Ralph Rymer witnessed a deed in Rappahannock Co. Virginia, April 26, 1690; and Mark Rymer, Jr., of Richmond County, Virginia, mentions in his will his wife Margaret, his daughter Katherine, and his father (not named) (Mark Rymer), and a child expected. The will was proved in said county 6 February 1716.

Colonies of Protestants, French, English and Germans increased the population in North Carolina. The German Colony was from Heidelberg and its vicinity, suffering from persecution because they could not change their religious opinions, so as to be in constant agreement with the ruling prince.

As Lewis Mitchell had spent several years in America and had some knowledge of the country, he and Christopher de Graffenried were purchasing land in America. Mitchell was originally employed by the Canton of Bern in Switzerland to search for a large tract of vacant land on the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Virginia or the Carolinas to which a Swiss colony might be sent.

The Lord's Proprietors of Carolina agreed with these gentlemen and in April 1706, 10,000 acres of land, between the Neuse and Cape Fear Rivers were set aside for settlement. 650 Palantines arrived December 1709 and located at New Bern (named from Bern, Switzerland). Indian Wars and starvation left few settlers by 1747. These few signed a petition about their land July 13, 1747 — Nicholas Rimer and John Rimer were among the signers. North Carolina Colonial Records, Vol. 4, p. 954.

John Nicholas Reimer of Rowan Co. North Carolina, later appearing as Nicholas Reimer, was the first to acquire property on the waters of Second and Dutch Buffalo Creeks . . . (this was a previous grant by Lord Granville to George Henry Berger) in Rowan Co. North Carolina in 1784, proven November 1784. Deed Book 10 p. 18. Page 204 — Nicholas Rimer of Rowan Co. North Carolina received a grant of 352 acres on the waters of Dutch Buffalo Creek, Boston Lancers corner, to the heap of stones Ludwick Seifort's corner, Henry Whitsed's line.

He made other purchases of land. Some of these deeds were signed in German.

There were other Rymers who owned land in Iredell and Cabarrus Counties before they moved to Buncombe Co., North Carolina. No persons named Rimer or Rymer were on the 1778 tax list of Rowan County, N. C. so they evidently came after that date to the county. Nicholas Rimer died in Rowan Co. North Carolina in 1834. His will probated February 1834 names wife Rody and children: John, Jacob, Bolser, George, Feltha, Henry, Nicholas, Peter, Michael, Elizabeth, Caty and Margaret. Executors: sons John and Jacob. Witnesses: Adam and Elizabeth Roseman. Will Book H, page 615.

From farmers, business men and men with professional careers, the Rymers have served in various wars from the Revolution, War of 1812, and on through World War II, from the Colonies and many states of the Union, which gives eligibility for membership in the many patriotic organizations of our country.

Because of the conversion of the districts into counties, Bath Co., created in 1696, became extinct in 1739. Craven Co., formed from Bath Co. in 1712, with New Bern as the county seat, was where the Palantines came in December 1709. The subdivisions of these counties became necessary because of the long distances to the State Capitals, courts (held in stores and homes), narrow Indian trails, wild animal paths, and water courses.

Craven Co. Deed Book 1728-1768, page 417 named John and Richard Remer, among others who signed a contract to build the High German Chapel (where Cypress Creek M. E. Church now is in Jones Co.), on 2 August 1740. In Craven Deed Book 19, page 286, dated 1755, there is a lease from Thomas Pollock to Otilia Rhimer. Jones Co. was formed from Craven Co. in 1778, with Trenton as its county seat.

The Rymer families from England and the continent were definitely related in Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina (note the family names). One only has to consult legal records to learn surnames are often spelled two and three different ways in one will or deed.

Buncombe Co., N. C. was formed in 1791 from Burke and Rutherford Cos., with Asheville as its county seat. Haywood Co. was the first formed from it in 1808, with Waynesville as the county seat, and others followed.

In the 1790 United States Census schedules for Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, there were Rimer, etc., families listed.

David and Nicholas Rimer were residing in Salisbury District, Rowan County, North Carolina in 1790, page 177, according to the United States Census. Others were residing in Edgecombe, Caswell and Halifax Counties. David had one male under 16 years of age, one over 16, and three females, including his wife. Nicholas had 3 males under 16 years of age, 4 over 16, and 4 females, including his wife.

The first name to appear in Buncombe County, North Carolina, is David Rymer of Rowan Co., who purchased a tract of land in Buncombe — beginning at a hickory on the north side of a mountain and south side of the creek — to a hickory on the side of a mountain — to a pine on a point of ridge — to a black x — containing 150 acres. Consideration 200 dollars. 11 September 1800 from William Bridges. Prov. July Court 1802. Deed Book 7, p. 270.

David Rymer and Lewis Ward, all of Buncombe Co. on 29 January 1807, bought from James Bridges for 400 lbs. a tract of land in Buncombe on both sides of Brush Creek and Cane Creek near the Mountains — beginning at a white oak on the N side of the creek — to a stake — containing 400 acres. Deed book A, page 429.

David Rimer of Buncombe Co. sold to John Ashworth, Esq. of same Co. 8 February 1808. Consideration 100 dollars, tract of land in Buncombe on Brush creek a fork of Cane Creek, being the upper end of a tract originally patented by David Miller and James Bridges — containing 200 acres, the half of said tract patented by Miller and Bridges — beginning at a white oak on the bank of Brush Creek a fork of Cane Creek — to a chestnut tree — to a black oak — to a stake in John Williams field that he bought of Lewis Ward — crossing the creek to a white oak — to a stake — including the improvements that John Garren and John Rodes now live on. Proved April Court 1821 by John Garren. Deed Book 13, p. 91.

Grant to David Rimore. 100 acres in Buncombe Co. on both sides of Brush creek joining his own land that he now lives on and joining the land he bought of James Bridges — beginning at the Bridges survey corner a forked dogwood on the bank of a small branch — to a red oak on the N side of a mountain below a clift of rock — crossing said creek to a sourwood on the line of the survey whereon he now lives — to a stake on his other survey — to a white oak his corner, entered 27 October 1801, dated 20 December 1803. Deed Book 117, p. 438.

William Barnhill, junr. sold to William Rymer of Buncombe, (Consideration 230 dollars) a tract of land in Buncombe, Philip Fouts conditional line on a ridge on the south side of Hoopers Creek, and on the north side of Dunnkins — Jenkins corner — John Livingston's old line. 26 October 1818. Deed Book 13, p. 146.

David Rymer had four sons, proven by the 1810, 1820, 1830 and 1840 Census schedules for Buncombe Co. N. C., as follows: William, Eli, Adam and David Rymer, Jr. David Rymer was between 60

and 70 years of age in 1830, but does not appear in the 1840 census. His wife had died between 1820 and 1830.

Many of the older records of Buncombe Co. have been entirely destroyed, which makes the research very difficult, especially the wills and administrations.

We were very fortunate to find a good index for Deeds and Land Grants in Buncombe Co., N. C., as shown by the real estate transactions of David Rymer, Sr., and his descendants.

David Rymer, Sr., was a man of means. He purchased several tracts of land and paid cash, except for a land grant from the State of 100 acres adjoining his land entered 27 Oct. 1801. Deed Book 117, p. 438.

After he established his residence in Buncombe Co., he continued to live there until his death between 1830 and 1840 (70 to 80 years of age), leaving two daughters and four sons. In 1820 two of his sons, William the eldest and Adam Rymer, are married with families. In 1830 we find him and all four sons: William, Adam, Eli and David Rymer, Jr., with their families, the only Rymer families. The 1840 schedule lists only Ely Rymer, between 40 and 50 years of age, wife, 5 girls and 4 sons, and his brother David Rymer Jr., between 30 and 40, wife, 1 girl and 4 sons. In 1840, Adam and family were in Henderson Co. N. C., and William and family were in Polk Co., Tenn.

David Rymer, Sr., was born between 1760 and 1770, and was married about 1785. He and his wife were over 45 years of age in 1810.

Adam Rymer, son of David Rymer, Sr., was born in 1798 in Rowan Co., N. C. and resided with his parents in Buncombe Co., N. C. when he married Mary ....., born about 1800. In 1820, he and his wife had two little girls under ten years of age. In 1830 his family consisted of one boy under 5 years of age, one 5 to 10, a girl under 5, two 5 to 10, one 10 to 15 besides he and his wife.

Adam with his wife and family of four sons and three daughters had moved to Henderson Co., N. C. before 1840.

On Aug. 9, 1850, he and Mary, his wife (age 54) and his sons Joseph (age 23) and William (age 21) were living in Fairview, Buncombe Co., N. C. where they continued to live.

Adam Rymer died after July 7, 1870 and before June 1, 1880, and Mary, his widow, is living alone in Big Sandy Mush township next door to the Merrill family.

The Rymers owned land near and on the south side of the mountain on Brush Creek, a fork of Cane Creek; they also had land on Flat Creek, Dick's Creek, Avery's Creek, Reem's Creek, Newfound Creek, Turkey Creek, Hominy Creek, Big Ivy Creek, Bent Creek, Smith's Mill Creek, the north fork of the French Broad River, the French Broad River, the north forks of Swannonoa River, and one hundred and fifty acres on Piney Mountain.

The Water-line Right of Way for the City of Asheville was purchased from the Rymers and Mr. George W. Vanderbilt acquired from them 125 acres on Bent and Avery's Creeks to add to his vast estate. "Biltmore Estate".

While a number of the families have moved to other states and the District of Columbia, many are now residing in Buncombe, Haywood, Henderson and McDowell Counties; Asheville, West Asheville, Raleigh, Canton, N. C., Spartanburg, S. C., New York State and Cleveland, Tennessee.

William Rymer, Sr., (eldest son of David Rymer, Sr.), was born in 1790 in Rowan Co., N. C., and died after 1860 and before 1870 in Polk Co., Tenn.

His parents moved to Buncombe Co. N. C. in September 1800, and he resided with them until his marriage (between 1810 and 1820) to Elizabeth, born 1794, N. C.; d. after July 8, 1880 in Polk Co. Tenn.

On 26 Oct. 1818 he purchased land in Buncombe Co. The 1820 census shows his family consists of his wife, two boys, and two girls under ten years of age.

The 1830 census lists four boys and three girls.

The family moved to Polk Co., Tennessee before 1840, with three boys and three girls, and his two oldest boys, Isaac and Eli, and their families. William, Isaac and Eli were taxpayers in 1840. Tennessee Polk Co. Court Minutes 1840-1843.

Polk Co., Tenn., was formed 28 Nov. 1839 with Benton as its county seat, from McMinn, that had been created 5 Nov. 1819 from Indian land cession, with Athens as its county seat; and Bradley Co. that

had been created in 1835 from Indian land cession with Cleveland as the county seat.

The land had been acquired by treaty with the Cherokee Indians 1819; and the Ocoee Purchase . . . William Rymer.

Polk Co. is in the southeast corner of Tennessee and joins North Carolina on the east and Georgia on the south. Ducktown, high above the mouth of Greasy Creek, and Copper Hill, on Greasy Creek, became growing settlements because of the copper mines, as copper was hauled from Ducktown to Cleveland, Tennessee. Ref: Mr. S. Bradford Rymer, Sr., and A. J. Williams in his History of Polk Co., Tennessee, 1923.

William Rymer, Sr., served on the Jury and on February 5, 1842, was elected a Commissioner of Schools.

At the July session 1841, Isaac Rimer was elected a Constable of the 5th District; and also in 1842.

William and his sons, Eli and Isaac, continued to be elected to responsible offices of the county — to the School Commission on Feb. 23, 1844 — and William, Sr., again in July 1846.

In August 1841, Isaac was appointed by the Court to be a Judge and Inspector of the August election for Governor of the State and Legislature.

Eli was appointed by the Court the first Monday in February session in 1847 administrator of all of the estate of Isaac Rymer, deceased; and at the March session of the Court in 1847 he made his report on Isaac Rymer's estate, which was settled and he was released.*

In 1850 William Rymer's dependents were his wife Elizabeth, with two sons — William, age 17 and John Wesley, age 9; in 1860 in Benton township his family consisted of himself, his wife Betsy, and his son Wesley. who was 18.

William Rymer, Jr., the son of William and Elizabeth Rymer, was born in 1833 in Buncombe Co., N. C.; married Minervy, who was born in 1836 in Tenn., and with their son Wesley, one year old, were living in Polk Co. in 1860.

John Wesley Rymer, son of William and Elizabeth Rymer, was born in 1841, Polk Co., Tenn. He and his wife Julia, born 1847, and daughter Eliza A. born in 1866, were living in Polk Co. in 1870, but left for Texas where he died at Mineral Wells, May 7, 1926. He led a very active life in the community.

Eli Rymer, son of William and Elizabeth Rymer, was born 1819 in Buncombe Co. N. C., and died in 1877, Polk Co. He married about 1838 Catherine Milton, who was born 1820 in Bradley Co.. Tenn., and died in 1870, Cleveland, Tenn. He m. (2) Mary.....

Eli Rymer was a farmer, member of the Missionary Baptist Church and his wife a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their eldest child, Jesse, born Oct. 10, 1839, a native of Polk Co., married Miss Dorinda A. Cloud, native of South Carolina. Children: Minerva, born June 1, 1861 and Fannie, born Oct. 5, 1857, m. Joseph Lillard. One daughter m. ..... Fetzer; and one daughter m. ..... Haskins.

Jesse Rymer was the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Polk Co., Tennessee from 1882-1886.

Eli Rymer's other children were: David, born 1842; Andrew J., born 1847 and Sarah J., born 1849, all born in Tennessee.

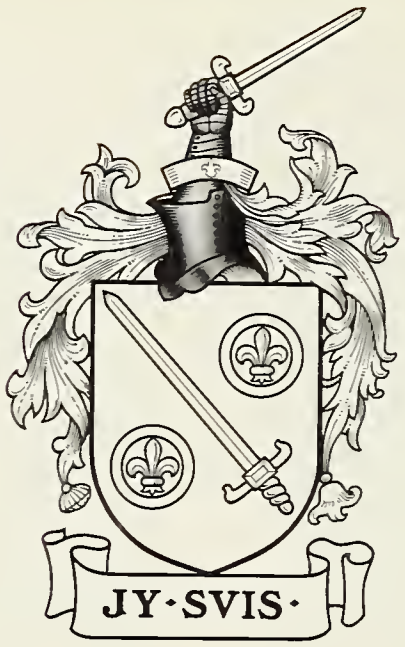
Isaac Rymer, son of William and Elizabeth Rymer, was born 1810/1820, Buncombe Co., N. C.; died before 3-4-1847, when his brother Eli was appointed administrator of his estate, as he left no will, Polk Co., Tenn.

Isaac married Nancy Hooper, born 1820 in Tenn. Their children were John, born 1838; Leroy, born 1840; Minnie, born 1841; Jemima, born 1842, m. Jacob (Jake) M. Rymer; Elizabeth (Betsy), born 1844; William Dallas Rymer, born 5-28-1845, died Nov. 1929, Hendersonville, Henderson Co., N. C., all born in Polk Co., Tenn.

Nancy moved with her son, William Dallas Rymer, and his family to Hendersonville, Henderson Co., N. C., in a covered wagon. Ref: Miss Mamie Rymer, dau. of William Dallas Rymer and the Family Bible.

LeRoy Rymer, son of William and Elizabeth Rymer, was born Feb. 1, 1823, Buncombe Co., N. C., and died in Polk Co. Tenn., July 15, 1887. He married (1) about 1843, Elizabeth Runyan, who was born in Polk Co., May 22, 1823 and died March 26, 1883 in Polk Co. Tenn. This line continues in the chart.

*Vol. 2, Polk Co., Tenn. Minute Book 1844-48.



The Gee Family Genealogy

by

W. J. FLETCHER

In a book entitled "The Norman People and Their Descendants" the origin of the surname "Gee" is thus stated: "Gee, the French pronunciation of Gui, Guy, of Wido; Robert Guide of Normandy 1180, William Guide 1198 (MRS); Magister Guide, and Robert Gy of England c — 1272 (R. H.)." And the Very Reverend Henry Gee, Dean of Gloucester, who of his contemporaries was perhaps the best informed descendant about the Gee lineage in England, wrote in 1931 that the surname "Gee" is probably derived from one of three French villages, a theory seemingly consonant with the one set forth in the above quotation.

The Gee arms used by the Manchester branch in England, according to Jesse Lee's "Heraldica Lancastria", are thus described: "As Arg. a sword in bend az. hilt in base or. Crest, a gauntlet arg. garnished at the wrist or. holding a sword arg. hilted and pomeled or." This heraldic nomenclature, translated into the common parlance, means simply that the Manchester Gees used a shield of silver with a blue sword, gold hilted. The earliest Gee settlement in England appears to have been in Leicestershire, but by 1500 the family had spread to the adjoining county of Nottingham, and about the same time to Lancashire. For reasons more fully expounded in W. J. Fletcher's "The Gee Family", it seems certain that the Virginia immigrant, Charles Gee, hailed from this Manchester branch and more particularly from the family in Stretford parish of that municipality.

A number of these early Gees at Manchester achieved national distinction. There was Henry Gee from Manchester, who was mayor of Chester first in 1534; and his son Edmond Gee later had served as mayor at Liverpool and later at Chester. Then there was Edward Gee (1565-1618), son of Ralph Gee of Manchester, Fellow

W. J. Fletcher, Washington, D. C., author of "The Gee Family" — 1937.

at Oxford, and Chaplain to James I. His grandson Edward Gee (1613-1660), M. A. Oxford, was a prominent Presbyterian minister. And Edward Gee (1657-1730), M. A. Cambridge, was Chaplain to William III in 1688, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Still another of distinction in the ecclesiastical field was John Gee (1596-1639), grandson of the above-mentioned Ralph Gee, M. A. Oxford, whose publications were widely read; and his younger brother, Sir Orlando Gee (1619-1705), who was Register of the Court of Admiralty in 1660. All the above was gleaned from sketches in the Dictionary of National Biography. Of a later generation was Joshua Gee who published in 1729 "Trade and Navigation", said to have been adopted by the royal family as embodying the theory justifying its policy towards the colonies. The volumes of "Who's Who" shows the names of Gee descendants of distinction in England down through the generations, as, for instance, Sir Henry Gee, the eminent church historian of the last generation, who was living at the turn of the century.

The above-mentioned Charles Gee, from Stretford parish, Manchester, lived in Surry County, Virginia, where he died intestate and his estate was administered in 1709 by his widow, Hannah Gee, who died in 1728. He left sons James Gee, Charles Gee, and Henry Gee, born in that order. He was probably only in middle life and dying unexpectedly neglected to make a will. According to the law of primogeniture prevailing in England at that time, where the deceased leaves no will or dies intestate, the bulk of his estate is inherited by the oldest son, who as stated, was James Gee, born in 1694, according to entry in the Albemarle Parish Register. This James Gee became a justice of the peace, sheriff of Sussex County (formed from Surry County, Virginia, in 1754), Captain of Militia, and vestryman of Albemarle Parish, offices for that period held only by the local gentry. In his will, probated in Sussex County, Virginia, in 1758, this Captain James Gee left a rather large estate for that time. His sons Henry Gee and Drury Gee were both Colonels in the Revolutionary Army, while four of his grandsons were Continental Line Captains.

Henry Gee was the youngest son of the above-mentioned immigrant Charles Gee and his wife Hannah Gee and lived in Prince George County, Virginia, adjoining Sussex County on the East, most all of whose records were destroyed either in the Revolutionary or the Civil War; but a deed in 1728 by Hannah Gee, widow of Charles Gee, deceased, conveys a tract of land in Prince George County to her youngest son Henry Gee, recorded in 1728 shortly before her death, this evidently having been property she inherited from her father, so that her husband would have held only the right of curtesy in it, that is, the use of it during his own life. That recording was in the only complete Prince George County Record Book extant prior to the Civil War, and it was carried away to Ohio as a souvenir by a Union soldier and after almost half a century was returned to its proper custody. At the Court held in Sussex County on February 17, 1763, it appeared that Charles Gee, executor of his younger brother, this Henry Gee, deceased, was defendant in a suit in equity brought by certain children of the deceased Henry Gee, whose wife was Rachel Gee, concerning several slaves and other personal property; and among the children of Henry Gee, deceased, named as parties to the suit, were John Gee and James Gee.

The records of Cumberland County, North Carolina, show that this John Gee and James Gee, sons of Henry and Rachel Gee, had removed from Prince George County, Virginia, to that county about 1765. This John Gee was a party to a number of deeds recorded in Cumberland County in the period 1765-1790, one of them, dated in 1782, being jointly by John Gee and Temperance Gee, his wife, the tract involved doubtless having been inherited by the wife Temperance Gee, which would account for the necessity of her joining in the deed, a very unusual occurrence at that period.

The family Bible of this John Gee and wife Temperance Gee, now in possession of the Rymer family, contains among others the following entries: John Henry Gee, son of John Gee and Temperance Gee, was born June 19, 1768, and married Priscilla, born November 11, 1775, daughter of John Crittenden, Sr. John Gee, son of the above John H. and Priscilla Gee, was born May 28, 1799 (d. May 16, 1876, age 97, from our records), married Tabitha (d. February 26, 1862), and to this union was born Isaac W. Gee, on May 1, 1823, and John M. Gee, b. April 2, 1830; George Washington Gee and Andrew Jackson Gee, twin sons, b. June 21, 1833; Nancy Gee, b. December 9, 1838; and James M. Gee, b. December 22, 1842, d. October 22, 1891. This line continues in the chart.

CHARLES GEE
Immigrant to Virginia
from Stretford Parish
Manchester, England
m. Hannah
d. 1728
issue, 3

1—CAPT. JAMES GEE
b. 1694
d. 1758
issue

2—CHARLES GEE

3—HENRY GEE
m. Rachel
issue

1—DRURY GEE
Col. Rev. War

2—HENRY GEE
Col. Rev. War

1—JOHN GEE
m. Temperance
issue

2—JAMES GEE

JOHN CRITTENDEN, SR.
issue

1—JOHN HENRY GEE
b. June 19, 1768

married

1—PRISCILLA CRITTENDEN
b. Nov. 11, 1775

issue

1—JOHN GEE
b. May 28, 1799
d. May 16, 1876
m. Tabitha
d. Feb. 26, 1862
issue, 6

MITCHELL
1874

Hasten
1877

JOHN HENSON
b. 1794
d. May 5, 1872
m. 1824
Susie Thurman
b. 1808
d. Jan. 1, 1829
issue

1—SARAH HENSON
b. Dec. 25, 1827
d. Feb. 9, 1880

(R. D.) MITCHELL
21, 1823
26, 1900

m. Nov. 21, 1848
issue, 8

Rymer - Gee Genealogies

LEGEND

b. born — m. married
d. died — liv. living

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DAVID RYMER, SR.
b. bet. 1760-70
d. bet. 1830-40
Buncombe Co., N. C.
m. —
d. bet. 1820-30
res. 1790 Rowan Co., N. C.
Sept. 11, 1800, with family in Buncombe Co., N. C.
Issue, 8

1—WILLIAM RYMER, SR.
b. 1790
Rowan Co., N. C.
d. bet. 1860-70
Polk Co., Tenn.
m. Elizabeth
b. 1794, N. C.
Issue, 9

1—ELI RYMER
b. 1819 Buncombe Co., N. C.
d. 1877, Polk Co., Tenn.
m. 1, abt. 1838
Catherine Milton
b. 1820, Bradley Co., Tenn.
d. 1870, Cleveland, Tenn.
Issue, 9
m. 2 Mary —

1—JESSE RYMER
b. Oct. 19, 1839
Polk Co., Tenn.
d. 1893, Polk Co., Tenn.
bur. Zion Com. Polk Co., Tenn.
m. Sept. 1861
Dorinda A. Cloud of S. C.
Issue, 3

2—DAVID RYMER
b. 1842, Tenn.

3—ANDREW J. RYMER
b. 1847, Tenn.

4—SARAH J. RYMER
b. 1849, Tenn.

5—JOHN RYMER
b. 1854, Tenn.

6—WILLIAM RYMER
b. 1857, Tenn.

7—CAROLINE RYMER
b. 1860, Tenn.

8—LORINA RYMER
b. 1862, Tenn.

9—HUSTON RYMER
b. 1865, Tenn.

ABRAHAM LILLARD
Issue, 2

1—NEWTON LILLARD
Issue

2—ABRAHAM LILLARD, JR.
m. Sarah Clevenger
Issue

1—Daughter
m. Fetzer

2—Daughter
m. Haskins

3—FANNIE RYMER
m.

1—JOE A. LILLARD

1—FLORENCE L. LILLARD
m. Isaac Greea
Issue, 1

1—NINA GREEN

2—Daughter

3—Daughter

4—ELI RYMER
b. 1795, Rowan Co., N. C.
m. Mary —
Issue, 4

1—BETSY RYMER
b. 1830, N. C.

2—ALSON RYMER
b. 1832, N. C.

3—WINNIFRED J. RYMER
b. 1833, N. C.

4—NANCY C. RYMER
b. 1837, N. C.

2—ISAAC RYMER
b. bet. 1810-20
Buncombe Co., N. C.
d. bet. Mar. 4, 1847
Polk Co., Tenn.
m. Nancy Hooper
b. 1820, Tenn.
Issue, 6
m. 2 Thomas Johnston
b. 1825, Tenn.
Issue, 1
Nancy divorced Thomas and took name of Rymer

1—MATTIE JOHNSTON
m. Abe Kerr
of Cleveland, Tenn.

1—JOHN RYMER
b. 1838, Tenn.

2—LeROY RYMER
b. 1840, Tenn.

3—MINNIE RYMER
b. 1841, Tenn.

4—JEMIMA RYMER
b. 1842, Tenn.
m. Jacob (Jake) M. Rymer
b. 1839, N. C.
Issue, 1

5—ELIZABETH (BETSY) RYMER
b. 1844, Tenn.

6—WILLIAM DALLAS RYMER
b. May 28, 1845
Polk Co., Tenn.
Come with mother and family back to N. C. from Polk Co., Tenn.
d. Nov. 1929
m. Mary Jane Mathis
b. Sept. 11, 1859
Polk Co., Tenn.
d. Nov. 1931
Hendersonville, N. C.
Issue, 8

1—WILLIAM HARVEY RYMER
b. May 1870

1—JOSEPH RYMER
b. Dec. 15, 1879, Tenn.
d. 1952, Penna.
m. 1903
Jessie Elizabeth Crawford

2—PAUL MASON RYMER
d. Nov. 19—

3—JAMES RYMER
b. Aug. 24, 1883, Tenn.
m. —
res. Kansas

4—NANCY RYMER
b. Oct. 24, 1881
d. Nov. 13, 1882

5—JEMIMA RYMER

6—JOHN RYMER
b. Mar. 14, 1886
d.
res. Hendersonville, N. C.

7—MARY (Mamie) MATHIS RYMER
unmarried

8—JULE RYMER
liv. 1956
m. Lottie Baugham
of Edwin, Penna.
d. 1945
Issue, 1

3—Daughter

4—Daughter

1—WILLIAM MATHIS
b. —
d. killed 1861
Civil War
m. 1 Martha Willis
m. 2 Widow Orr,
Issue

1—JESSIE RYMER
m. Delilah

1—JULIUS PARKS
d. Aug. 29, 1956
m. Carra Cloud
d. Aug. 25, 1959

2—JOHN PARKS
d.

3—LETCHER PARKS
d.

4—PAUL PARKS
d.

5—LIZZIE PARKS
d. Oct. 20, 1958
m. G. W. Runyon

6—GEORGE PARKS
d.

4—WILLIAM ERANKLIN RYMER
b. Feb. 14, 1851
d. Dec. 13, 1926
m. 1 Nancy E. Rymer
b. Feb. 28, 1850
d. Feb. 13, 1925
Issue, 1
m. 2 Elizabeth Jane Rymer
b. May 6, 1853
d. Dec. 8, 1927

5—MARY N. RYMER
b. Mar. 26, 1852, Tenn.
d. Jan. 20, 1930
m. George Parks
Issue, 6

6—ISAAC RYMER
b. Aug. 19, 1853
d. July 10, 1902
m. 1 Argon Parks
b. 1858
Issue, 8
m. 2 Amanda Minerva Kanoster
b. Jan. 26, 1870
d. May 10, 1952
m. Sept. 20, 1896
Issue, 3

1—AUGUST RYMER
b. 1878
d. Feb. 10, 1892

2—OSCAR RYMER
b. 1879

3—METER RYMER
b. Sept. 28, 1880
d.

4—CARNER PAUL (G. P.) RYMER
d. July 9, 1951

5—ISAAC A. RYMER
b. Feb. 20, 1890
d. Feb. 15, 1941

6—LOYD RYMER
d. 1896

7—GEORGE W. RYMER

8—FRANK, or FLATUS A. RYMER
liv. 1949

1—JOSEPH REUBEN RYMER
b. Dec. 13, 1897
liv. Dec. 1959

2—DESSIE DEWEY RYMER
b. June 7, 1899
liv. Dec. 1959
m. Brauthaver

3—AMOS C. RYMER
b. July 1, 1901
d. Dec. 20, 1901

5—ADAM RYMER
blacksmith
b. abt. 1798, Rowan Co., N. C.
m. Mary —
b. 1806 N. C.
Issue, 2

1—JOSEPH RYMER
b. 1837, N. C.

2—WILLIAM RYMER
b. 1839, N. C.

5—LeROY RYMER
b. Feb. 1, 1823
Buncombe Co., N. C.
d. July 15, 1887
Polk Co., Tenn.
m. 1, abt. 1843
Elizabeth Runyan
b. May 22, 1823
Polk Co., Tenn.
d. Mar. 26, 1883
Issue, 9
m. 2 Parris

1—SOLOMAN GOODMAN RYMER
b. Apr. 12, 1845
d. July 23, 1862, in Civil War

2—JOHN ALISON RYMER
b. Dec. 18, 1846
d. Oct. 19, 1892
m. abt. 1870
Mary N. Guinn
Issue, 5

3—ELI RYMER
b. Oct. 5, 1848
Greasy Creek, Tenn.
d. May 10, 1901
m, Aug. 2, 1868
Issue, 6

1—MALINDA EVELINE MITCHELL
b. Nov. 9, 1850
d. Dec. 24, 1914
Cleveland, Tenn.

2—JOSEPHINE MITCHELL
b. Feb. 25, 1852, Tenn.
d.
m. Sept. 19, 1876
William Adams
Issue, 5

3—P. FRANKLIN MITCHELL
b. Apr. 4, 1853
d. Apr. 21, 1931
m. Dec. 17, 1883
Manervio Sparkman
Issue, 3

4—MARY E. MITCHELL
b. Jan. 18, 1855
d. Apr. 14, 1935
m. Feb. 26, 1899
Osco Goins
d. Dec. 5, 1903

5—TABITHA L. MITCHELL
b. May 14, 1857
d. 1905
m. Jan. 21, 1886
Thomas Mathis

6—SARAH LOUISE MITCHELL
b. Feb. 2, 1860
d. Jan. 29, 1938
m. Aug. 6, 1880
J. Marion Prince
b. Apr. 17, 1860
d. Aug. 7, 1915
Issue, 9

7—SUSIE MITCNELL
b. Nov. 9, 1862
d.
m. 1 Dec. 25, 1884
John Hembree
m. 2 Ord
Issue

8—RACHEL MITCHELL
b. May 29, 1865
d. Jan. or Feb. 1946
m. Feb. 14, 1889
John Cass

7—SARAH C. RYMER
b. July 29, 1855 (Twin)
d. Oct. 25, 1929
m. A. J. Williams
b. July 29, 1846
d. Aug. 24, 1925
Issue, 6

1—JOHN L. WILLIAMS
b. Dec. 19, 1876
liv. 1960

2—JOE WILLIAMS
b. Sept. 30, 1878
liv. 1960

3—GEORGE WILLIAMS
b. Feb. 2, 1881
d. about 1955

4—CASIMIR PULASKI WILLIAMS
b. July 11, 1883
d. Aug. 10, 1948

5—JARVIS WILLIAMS
b. May 20, 1885
d. Oct. 5, 1912

6—ALICE WILLIAMS (Taylor)
liv. 1960

8—JAMES LAFAYETTE (Fate) RYMER
b. July 29, 1855 (Twin)
d. Nov. 28, 1911
m. Florence Haskins
b. June 17, 1859
d. Jan. 8, 1915
bur. McMinn Spring Church
Issue, 5

1—CALVIN RYMER
d.

2—CREED RYMER
d. March 3, 1941

3—NORA RYMER
d.

4—CLYDE RYMER
liv. 1959

5—DENNIS RYMER
b. Oct. 4, 1897
d. Feb. 10, 1954

9—ELIZA RYMER
b. 1861
d. 1900-01
m. Lanning
Issue, 2

1—JOE LANNING
liv. 1959

2—FATE LANNING

1—JULIA RYMER
b. Nov. 11, 1873
d. Sept. 1952
Issue

2—IDA RYMER
b. May 20, 1876
d. Oct. 13, 1889
bur. Benton, Tenn.

3—NAOMI RYMER
b. Jan. 19, 1879
liv. 1959
m. Apr. 2, 1902
William Homer Albritton
d. Jan. 12, 1928
Issue, 3

4—BEATRICE RYMER
b. Mar. 18, 1882
liv. 1959
m. Dec. 22, 1902
Joe E. Hutchins
Issue, 1

5—OLIN G. RYMER
b. May 12, 1885
d. Dec. 29, 1920

6—DAVID RYMER, JR.
b. bet. 1800-10
Buncombe Co., N. C.
d. bet. 1840-50
Buncombe Co., N. C.

7—Daughter

8—Daughter

7—WILLIAM RYMER, JR.
b. 1833
Buncombe Co., N. C.
m. —

8—Daughter

9—JOHN WESLEY RYMER
b. 1841, Polk Co., Tenn.
d. May 7, 1926
Mineral Wells, Texas
m. Julia—
b. 1847, Tenn.
Issue, 1

1—ELIZA A. RYMER
b. 1868, Tenn.

CHARLES GEE
Immigrant to Virginia from Stretford Parish Manchester, England
m. Hannah
d. 1728
Issue, 3

1—CAPT. JAMES GEE
b. 1694
d. 1758
Issue

2—CHARLES GEE

3—HENRY GEE
m. Rachel
Issue

1—DRURY GEE
Col. Rev. War

2—HENRY GEE
Col. Rev. War

1—JOHN GEE
m. Temperance
Issue

2—JAMES GEE

1—JOHN HENRY GEE
b. June 19, 1768

ARTHUR MITCHELL
b. 1799
d. March, 1874
m. 1820
Malinda Haston
d. Dec. 1877
Issue

1—ROBERT (R. D.) MITCHELL
b. Sept. 21, 1823
d. Aug. 26, 1900

JOHN HENSON
b. 1794
d. May 5, 1872
m. 1824
Susie Thurman
b. 1808
d. Jan. 1, 1829
Issue

1—SARAH HENSON
b. Dec. 25, 1827
d. Feb. 9, 1880

m. Nov. 21, 1848
Issue, 8

1—SARAH J. RYMER
b. Nov. 6, 1869
d. Nov. 23, 1869

2—ALLISON RYMER
b. Nov. 16, 1870
d. Sept. 6, 1878

3—BOYD RYMER
b. March 23, 1873
d. Oct. 3, 1914

4—LeROY DONALDSON RYMER
b. Jan. 14, 1875
d. Sept. 5, 1878

5—MARY LOOIE RYMER
b. July 25, 1876
d. Dec. 31, 1876

6—S. BRADFORD RYMER
b. Oct. 22, 1879
d. April 13, 1959
m. July 22, 1902
Issue, 8

7—LAURA GEE (Prock)
No. issue

8—HENRY DAY GEE
b. Sept. 24, 1881
d. July 29, 1949
m. 1-Rosa Eaton, Dec. 6, 1902
b. Mar. 6, 1884
d. Oct. 29, 1924
Issue, 9
m. 2-Dec. 12, 1932
Feires Marler
liv. 1959
Issue, 1

9—CLARA LaDOSKY GEE
b. Sept. 21, 1884
liv. 1959

4—BURLEY (J. B.) GEE
b. Jan. 15, 1868
liv. 1959
m. Leanah Elizabeth Massengill
b. Nov. 6, 1869
liv. 1959
Issue, 10

5—LOUISA GEE
b. Apr. 9, 1870
d.
m. Wash Guinn
Issue, 7

6—JOHN M. GEE
b. May 1, 1874
d. Jan. 29, 1935
m. Feb. 22, 1900
Martha Ann Williams
b. Jan. 5, 1882
d. June 5, 1959
Issue, 6

JOHN CRITTENDEN, SR.
Issue

married
Issue

1—PRISCILLA CRITTENDEN
b. Nov. 11, 1775

1—JOHN GEE
b. May 28, 1799
d. May 18, 1876
m. Tabitha
d. Feb. 26, 1862
Issue, 8

1—ISAAC W. GEE
b. May 1, 1823

2—JOHN M. GEE
b. April 2, 1830

3—GEORGE WASHINGTON GEE
b. June 21, 1833 (twin)

4—ANDREW JACKSON GEE
b. June 21, 1833 (twin)

5—NANCY GEE
b. Dec. 9, 1838

6—JAMES M. GEE, M.D.
b. Dec. 22, 1842
d. Oct. 22, 1891
m. Harriet Emeline Childress
b. Sept. 20, 1844
d. Dec. 3, 1922
Issue, 9

1—TABITHA GEE
b. Aug. 22, 1862
d. Apr. 15, 1952
m. 1881
Letherwood, in Reliance, Polk Co. Tenn.
Issue, 7

2—MARTHA JANE GEE
b. May 14, 1865
d.
m. Rolling King
Issue, 8

3—INFANT

tenn.
m. Sept. 1861
Dorinda A. Cloud of S. C.
Issue, 3
2—DAVID RYMER
b. 1842, Tenn.
3—ANDREW J. RYMER
b. 1847, Tenn.
4—SARAH J. RYMER
b. 1849, Tenn.
5—JOHN RYMER
b. 1854, Tenn.
6—WILLIAM RYMER
b. 1857, Tenn.
7—CAROLINE RYMER
b. 1860, Tenn.
8—LORINA RYMER
b. 1862, Tenn.
9—HUSTON RYMER
b. 1866, Tenn.

1—NEWTON LILLIARD
Issue

2—ABRAHAM LILLARD, JR.
m. Sarah Clevenger
Issue

1—Daughter
m. Fetzer
2—Daughter
m. Haskins
3—FANNIE RYMER
m.

1—JOE A. LILLARD
1—FLORENCE L. LILLARD
m. Isaac Green
Issue, 1

1—NINA GREEN
m. Jesse R. Rymer
Issue, 2

b. 1841, Tenn.
4—JEMIMA RYMER
b. 1842, Tenn.
m. Jacob (Jake) M. Rymer
b. 1839, N. C.
Issue, 1
5—ELIZABETH (BETSY) RYMER
b. 1844, Tenn.
6—WILLIAM DALLAS RYMER
b. May 28, 1845
Polk Co., Tenn.
Came with mother and family back to N. C. from Polk Co., Tenn.
d. Nov. 1929
m. Mary Jane Mathis
b. Sept. 11, 1859
Polk Co., Tenn.
d. Nov. 1931
Hendersonville, N. C.
Issue, 8

1—WILLIAM HARVEY RYMER
b. May 1870
1—JOSEPH RYMER
b. Dec. 15, 1879, Tenn.
d. 1952, Penna.
m. 1903
Jessie Elizabeth Crawford
2—PAUL MASON RYMER
d. Nov. 19—
3—JAMES RYMER
b. Aug. 24, 1883, Tenn.
m.
res. Kansas
4—NANCY RYMER
b. Oct. 24, 1881
d. Nov. 13, 1882
5—JEMIMA RYMER
6—JOHN RYMER
b. Mar. 14, 1886
d.
res. Hendersonville, N. C.
7—MARY (Mamie) MATHIS RYMER
unmarried
8—JULE RYMER
liv. 1956
m. Lolie Baugham
of Edwin, Penna.
d. 1945
Issue, 1

1—ANDREW RYMER
d. Germany, 1945

4—WILLIAM FRANKLIN RYMER
b. Feb. 14, 1851
d. Dec. 13, 1926
m. 1 Nancy E. Rymer
b. Feb. 28, 1850
d. Feb. 13, 1925
Issue, 1
m. 2 Elizabeth Jane Rymer
b. May 6, 1853
d. Dec. 8, 1927
5—MARY N. RYMFR
b. Mar. 26, 1852, Tenn.
d. Jan. 30, 1930
m. George Parks
Issue, 6
6—ISAAC RYMER
b. Aug. 19, 1853
d. July 10, 1902
m. 1 Argen Parks
b. 1858
Issue, 8
m. 2 Amanda Minerva Kanester
b. Jan. 28, 1870
d. May 10, 1952
m. Sept. 20, 1896
Issue, 3

1—JESSIE RYMER
m. Delliah
1—JULIUS PARKS
d. Aug. 29, 1956
m. Carra Cloud
d. Aug. 25, 1959
2—JOHN PARKS
d.
3—LETCHER PARKS
d.
4—PAUL PARKS
d.
5—LIZZIE PARKS
d. Oct. 20, 1958
m. G. W. Runyon
6—GEORGE PARKS
d.

1—AUGUST RYMER
b. 1878
d. Feb. 10, 1892
2—OSCAR RYMER
b. 1879
3—METER RYMER
b. Sept. 29, 1880
d.
4—GARNER PAUL (G. P.) RYMER
d. July 9, 1951
5—ISAAC A. RYMER
b. Feb. 20, 1890
d. Feb. 19, 1941
6—LOYD RYMER
d. 1896
7—GEORGE W. RYMER
8—FRANK, or FLATUS A. RYMER
liv. 1949

1—JOSEPH REUBEN RYMER
b. Dec. 13, 1897
liv. Dec. 1959
2—DESSIE DEWEY RYMER
b. June 7, 1899
liv. Dec. 1959
m. Brauthaver
3—AMOS C. RYMER
b. July 1, 1901
d. Dec. 20, 1901

d. Oct. 19, 1892
m. abt. 1870
Mary N. Guinn
issue, 5
3—EB RYMER
b. Oct. 5, 1848
Greasy Creek, Tenn.
d. May 10, 1901

1—JULIA RYMER
b. Nov. 11, 1873
d. Sept. 1952
Issue
2—IDA RYMER
b. May 20, 1876
d. Oct. 13, 1889
bur. Benton, Tenn.
3—NAOMI RYMER
b. Jan. 19, 1879
liv. 1959
m. Apr. 2, 1902
William Homer Albritton
d. Jan. 12, 1928
Issue, 3
4—BEATRICE RYMER
b. Mar. 18, 1882
liv. 1959
m. Dec. 22, 1902
Joe E. Hutchins
Issue, 1
5—OLIN G. RYMER
b. May 12, 1885
d. Dec. 29, 1920

1—HIBBARD, SPENCER ALBRITTON
b. Dec. 12, 1902
liv. 1959
m. Minnie Brown
2—BERNICE ALBRITTON
b. Oct. 5, 1905
d. June 15, 1950
3—HOYLE FRANKLIN ALBRITTON
b. June 17, 1907
liv. 1959

1—ALBERTA HUTCHINS
b. Sept. 11, 1902
liv. 1959
m. Dec. 1, 1928
Wilbur Wilson Piper
liv. 1959
Issue, 2

7—SARAH C. RYMER
b. July 29, 1855 (Twin)
d. Oct. 25, 1929
m. A. J. Williams
b. July 29, 1846
d. Aug. 24, 1925
Issue, 6
8—JAMES LAFAYETTE (Fate) RYMER
b. July 29, 1855 (Twin)
d. Nov. 28, 1911
m. Florence Hankins
b. June 17, 1859
d. Jan. 8, 1915
bur. McMinn Spring Church
Issue, 5
9—ELIZA RYMER
b. 1861
d. 1900 01
m. Lanning
Issue, 2

1—JOHN L. WILLIAMS
b. Dec. 19, 1876
liv. 1960
2—JOE WILLIAMS
b. Sept. 30, 1878
liv. 1960
3—GEORGE WILLIAMS
b. Feb. 2, 1881
d. about 1955
4—CASIMIR PULASKI WILLIAMS
b. July 11, 1883
d. Aug. 10, 1948
5—JARVIS WILLIAMS
b. May 20, 1885
d. Oct. 5, 1912
6—ALICE WILLIAMS (Taylor)
liv. 1960

1—CALVIN RYMER
d.
2—CREED RYMER
d. March 3, 1941
3—NORA RYMER
d.
4—CLYDE RYMER
liv. 1959
5—DENNIS RYMER
b. Oct. 4, 1897
d. Feb. 10, 1954

1—JOE LANNING
liv. 1959
2—FATE LAHNING

m. Aug. 2, 1888
Issue, 8

1—SARAH J. RYMER
b. Nov. 6, 1869
d. Nov. 23, 1869
2—ALLISON RYMER
b. Nov. 16, 1870
d. Sept. 6, 1878
3—BOYD RYMER
b. March 23, 1873
d. Oct. 3, 1914
4—LeROY DONALDSON RYMER
b. Jan. 14, 1875
d. Sept. 5, 1878
5—MARY LOOIE RYMER
b. July 25, 1876
d. Dec. 31, 1876
6—S. BRADFORD RYMER
b. Oct. 22, 1879
d. April 13, 1959

m. July 22, 1902
Issue, 8

1—MALINDA EVELINE MITCHELL
b. Nov. 9, 1850
d. Dec. 24, 1914
Cleveland, Tenn.
2—JOSEPHINE MITCHELL
b. Feb. 25, 1852, Tenn.
d.
m. Sept. 19, 1876
William Adams
Issue, 5
3—P. FRANKLIN MITCHELL
b. Apr. 4, 1853
d. Apr. 21, 1931
m. Dec. 17, 1883
Manervie Sparkman
Issue, 3
4—MARY E. MITCHELL
b. Jan. 18, 1855
d. Apr. 14, 1935
m. Feb. 26, 1899
Osco Goins
d. Dec. 5, 1903

5—TABITHA L. MITCHELL
b. May 14, 1857
d. 1905
m. Jan. 21, 1886
Thomas Mathis
6—SARAH LOUISE MITCHELL
b. Feb. 2, 1860
d. Jan. 29, 1938
m. Aug. 6, 1880
I. Marion Prince
b. Apr. 17, 1860
d. Aug. 7, 1915
Issue, 9
7—SUSIE MITCHELL
b. Nov. 9, 1862
d.
m. 1 Dec. 25, 1884
John Hembree
m. 2 Ord
Issue
8—RACHEL MITCHELL
b. May 29, 1865
d. Jan. or Feb. 1946
m. Feb. 14, 1889
John Cass

1—ISAAC W. GEE
b. May 1, 1823
2—JOHN M. GEE
b. April 2, 1830
3—GEORGE WASHINGTON GEE
b. June 21, 1833 (twin)
4—ANDREW JACKSON GEE
b. June 21, 1833 (twin)
5—NANCY GEE
b. Dec. 9, 1838
6—JAMES M. GEE, M. D.
b. Dec. 22, 1842
d. Oct. 22, 1931
m. Harriet Emeline Childress
b. Sept. 20, 1844
d. Dec. 3, 1922
Issue, 9

7—LAURA GEE (Preck)
No. issue
8—HENRY DAY GEE
b. Sept. 24, 1881
d. July 29, 1949
m. 1 Rosa Eaton, Dec. 6, 1902
b. Mar. 6, 1884
d. Oct. 29, 1924
Issue, 9
m. 2 Dec. 12, 1932
Faires Marler
liv. 1959
Issue, 1
9—CLARA LaDOSKY GEE
b. Sept. 21, 1884
liv. 1959

1—MILBURN CHESTER GEE
b. Sept. 20, 1903
d. Jan. 12, 1943
2—EFFIE MARIE GEE
b. Dec. 26, 1904
liv. 1959
3—LUVESTA IRENE GEE
b. Nov. 21, 1906
liv. 1959
4—OLLIE BELLE GEE
b. Feb. 13, 1909
liv. 1959
5—LURA LENORA GEE
b. Feb. 13, 1913
liv. 1959
6—JAMES WILLIAM GEE
b. Mar. 31, 1915
liv. 1959
7—GLADYS RUTH GEE
b. Aug. 7, 1919
d. July 5, 1946
8—MELVIN FLETIS GEE
b. Aug. 25, 1921
d. Dec. 30, 1937
9—HAZEL LANELLE GEE
b. Oct. 28, 1924
liv. 1959
1—JULIAN HUTSELL GEE
b. Sept. 29, 1933
liv. 1959

4—BURLEY (J. B.) GEE
b. Jan. 15, 1868
liv. 1959
m. Leanah Elizabeth Massengill
b. Nov. 6, 1869
liv. 1959
Issue, 10
5—LOUISA GEE
b. Apr. 9, 1870
d.
m. Wash Guinn
Issue, 7
6—JOHN M. GEE
b. May 1, 1874
d. Jan. 29, 1935
m. Feb. 22, 1900
Martha Ann Williams
b. Jan. 3, 1882
d. June 3, 1959
Issue, 6

1—JAMES EPHRAM GEE
b. Aug. 13, 1890
2—DOVY GEE
b. Feb. 19, 1892
d. May 22, 1893
3—WILLIAM ARTHUR GEE
b. Mar. 13, 1894
d. Mar. 24, 194—
m. Feb. 27, 1920
4—ANDREW PLEAUSANT GEE
b. May 17, 1896
m. Nov. 21, 1920
5—JOHNATHAN ELBERT GEE
b. July 31, 1898
d. Oct. 22, 1918
6—EDWARD LUTHER GEE
b. Nov. 20, 1901
7—ANNA MAE GEE
b. June 11, 1904
d. Sept. 21, 1934
m. June 3, 1923
8—EMMER JEWELL GEE
b. Feb. 1, 1907
d. Feb. 26, 195—
m. Sept. 14, 1924
9—GRACE CELA GEE
b. Feb. 20, 1909
m. Sept. 20, 1929
10—ATCHLEY CREASMAN GEE
b. Aug. 6, 1912
m. April 15, 1934
liv. 1959

1—TABITHA GEE
b. Aug. 22, 1862
d. Apr. 15, 1952
m. 1881
Letherwood, In Reliance, Polk Co., Tenn.
Issue, 7
2—MARTHA JANE GEE
b. May 14, 1865
d.
m. Reling King
Issue, 8
3—INFANT

1—CLEVELAND LETHERWOOD
d.
2—ALICE LETHERWOOD
d.
3—CALLIE LETHERWOOD
d.
4—TILMAN LETHERWOOD
d.
5—VIRGIL LETHERWOOD
liv. 1959
6—MAY LETHERWOOD
liv. 1959
m. Dick
7—DEWEY LETHERWOOD
liv. 1959
retired postman

1—CHARLES KING
liv. 1959
2—SAMUEL KING
d.
3—JULIUS KING
liv. 1959
4—DAISY KING
liv. 1959
5—MINNIE KING
liv. 1959
6—ROSA KING
liv. 1959
7—LILLIE KING
liv. 1959
8—LIZZIE KING
d. one of eldest

8—ROBERT EDWARD RYMER
(twin)
b. Dec. 23, 1917
liv. 1959
m. March 23, 1940
Mary Elizabeth Hoyle
b. Aug. 5, 1917
liv. 1958
Issue, 3

1—PAULINE MALINDA RYMER
b. Sept. 16, 1942
liv. 1959
2—JOHN B. HOYLE RYMER
b. Aug. 17, 1944
liv. 1959
3—ROBERT EDWARD RYMER, JR.
b. March 10, 1948
liv. 1959

7—LELA ROBERTA RYMER
(twin)
b. Dec. 23, 1917
liv. 1959
m. Dec. 12, 1941
Kenneth Scofield Keyes, Jr.
b. Jan. 19, 1921
liv. 1959
Issue, 2

1—KENNETH SCOFIELD KEYES III
b. Dec. 6, 1942
liv. 1959
2—CLARA LUCILLE KEYES
b. April 4, 1944
liv. 1959

1—JESSE EDGENE RYMER
liv. 1959
2—JUANITA RYMER
liv. 1959

6—S. BRADFORD RYMER, JR.
b. May 30, 1915
liv. 1959
m. Nov. 7, 1942
Anne Roddye Caudle
b. Nov. 22, 1920
liv. 1959
Issue, 2

1—ANITA ELISE RYMER
b. Aug. 17, 1945
liv. 1959
2—STEPHEN BRADFORD RYMFR III
b. Feb. 21, 1953
liv. 1959

5—RUTH RYMFR
b. Apr. 28, 1912
liv. 1959
m. Sept. 16, 1938
Harry Lawrence Dethero
b. Oct. 28, 1908
liv. 1959
Issue, 4

1—JOHN BRADFORD DETHERO
b. Sept. 17, 1939
liv. 1959
2—DAVID LAWRENCE DETHERO
b. Apr. 13, 1941
liv. 1959
3—HARRY RAMSEY DETHERO
b. Mar. 9, 1946
liv. 1959
4—BOYD RYMER DETHERO
b. Mar. 12, 1951
liv. 1959

4—MARY ELIZABETH RYMER
b. Oct. 18, 1910
d. Dec. 29, 1910

3—MARVIN RYMER
b. Sept. 9, 1907
liv. 1959
m. Oct. 28, 1946
Grace Allen McNutt
b. Nov. 20, 1915
liv. 1959
Issue, 1
m. 1 Edwin Franklin Peek, Jr.
Issue, 1

1—EDWIN FRANKLIN PEEK III
b. Aug. 13, 1937
liv. 1959
m. July 12, 1958
Margarette Wade Bibb
b. Mar. 16, 1938
liv. 1959
Issue, 1
1—CHRISTOPHER JOSEPH RYMER
b. Sept. 22, 1947
liv. 1959

1—MARVIN CHRISTOPHER PEEK
b. Apr. 23, 1959
liv. 1959

2—LeROY RYMER
b. Sept. 14, 1905
liv. 1959
m. Feb. 7, 1942
Josephine Wandling Stuart
b. Feb. 27, 1910
liv. 1959
Issue, 1

1—LeROY RYMER, JR.
b. May 1, 1943
liv. 1959

1—ZOLA MARINE RYMER
b. June 13, 1903
liv. 1959
m. 1 June 18, 1924
Harry Price Stanbery
b. Dec. 14, 1899
liv. 1959
Issue, 1
m. 2 April 29, 1943
Lester Arlington Graf
b. Nov. 22, 1904
liv. 1959
m. 1 Esther Seahrooke
b. June 4, 1908
d. Dec. 25, 1937
Issue, 2

1—KATHRYNE RYMER STANBERY
b. Apr. 14, 1925
liv. 1958
m. Sept. 3, 1947
James Morgan Johnston, Jr.
b. Sept. 9, 1924
liv. 1959
Issue, 3

1—KATHRYNE RYMER JOHNSTON
b. May 16, 1950
liv. 1959
2—JAMES MORGAN JOHNSTON III
b. Apr. 13, 1952
liv. 1959
3—THOMAS TUCKER JOHNSTON
b. Oct. 28, 1956
liv. 1959

1—MANDA GUINN
d.
2—CLAUDE GUINN
liv. 1959
3—ABE GUINN
d.
4—IDA GUINN
liv. 1958

5—FLATUS GUINN
liv. 1959
6—AULMAN GUINN
liv. 1959
7—JOHN GUINN
liv. 1959

1—ESSIE LOUISE GEE
b. Apr. 17, 1901
liv. 1959
2—ELSIE GEE
b. Mar. 21, 1903
liv. 1959
3—JOHN HENRY GEE
b. Mar. 14, 1908
liv. 1959

4—CALLIE EMALINE GEE
b. Mar. 8, 1910
liv. 1959
5—LILLIE MAY GEE
b. Feb. 15, 1913
liv. 1959
6—MARTHA JUANITA GEE
b. Jan. 5, 1924
liv. 1959

1—ELIZABETH ANNE GRAF
b. Dec. 11, 1931
liv. 1959
m. Aug. 28, 1954
Perry Foster Reininga
b. June 20, 1931
liv. 1959
Issue, 2
2—LESTER GEORGE GRAF
b. May 4, 1935
liv. 1959

1—DANIEL PERRY REININGA
(twin)
b. Nov. 17, 1958
liv. 1959
2—DAVID LESTER REININGA
(twin)
b. Nov. 17, 1958
liv. 1959

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